

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 153.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1850.

\$3 Per Annum.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

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## Original Papers.

### A Strange Walk down Broadway. TO THE EDITORS.

Has it ever happened to you, gentlemen, to go into the streets at an unusual hour, at a time, I mean, different from your customary routine, earlier or later, when the city has not arrived at or is past that state of development, in which you are generally accustomed to see it? You must know, if you take any note of such things, that each hour of the twenty-four in a metropolis has its peculiar dress and undress, as much as a fine lady—who may be, early in the morning, a housewife out of curl—some-what later a tidy receiver of calls—then a well-attired promenader—afterwards in dinner costume, and again operatically apparelled! Having occasion, on a late morning, to make a journey into the city a couple of hours before my usual time of appearance, so different was its aspect, everything seemed to me more like a dream than a reality. I scarcely knew myself to be in New York. There were no merchants abroad—no women—none of the old familiar faces. I seemed to have lost my reckoning, and in this dreamy humor brought on in this change of the scene, everything seemed new, peculiar, strange, and somewhat fantastical. The horses in the early omnibuses I regarded as toy-horses, not the oat-fed trotters of the middle of the day; the omnibuses as toys; and the drivers, up there, as a sort of mandarins or queer kind of ghosts. I remember looking upon such of the horses as pricked up their ears and galloped briskly as being a little out of their heads in taking a pride in drawing the stages: while such as drooped and ambled along, appeared to me to have a greater stock of common sense and a much more correct appreciation of the business they were engaged in. The blank streets stretched away, like the avenues of Venice or far-off Thebes in the cosmoramas at the museum, and one or two prompt maid-servants in the windows looked as if they were at work by sunrise, in Bagdad. I suppose it is the power of so voluntarily stepping out of the familiar round and regarding the things about us in

a novel light, pretty much as an intelligent spirit or angel might, which the world has agreed to call genius. By familiarity we lose the sense of objects about us—they cease to be men, houses, streets, and become mere material forms—differing a little in height, color, or shape, but having no appreciable character or distinguishableness, one from another. In the humor to which I refer, a young man who walked before me in the ordinary sack of the season, and with the common beaver hat and black leather gloves, did not seem to me, as no doubt he was, a clerk or shop-tender on his way to the store or counting-room—but something queer, curious, inexplicable. The absurdity of his dress, which was not in the least degree absurd, seen at the usual hours and in the accustomed connexion with other things, came upon me like a revelation. I could not, for a moment, regard him as any relation of mine; but kept contemplating him for a long distance, as some strange, outlandish creature newly landed. After him, from a cross street, my eye encountered another spectacle in a roundabout of cloth, with a tin kettle at the end of his arm; a workman, no doubt, on the way to his job. Nothing ever seemed more ridiculous—so belittled and disturbed my idea of a human being, as to believe that this grown-up creature—for I noticed that his short-cut locks were grizzled—should have gone on or come on, as I am sure he had, from the beginning of his manhood to this grey time of life, doing nothing but wear a roundabout and carry a tin can in his hand. I never felt more forcibly in my life that man is a fallen creature, and that Adam had something to answer for. It is not worth while to trouble you further with the other speculations of the morning, except to say, that when you are tired of books from their everlasting similitudes and wearisome repetitions—if you would have a novelty of sensation, stir out of bed an hour earlier than usual or tarry from it an hour later in a walk down Broadway—and you will have interchapters and original episodic views, equal to our best living writers of fiction. Yours truly,

M.

### Indian Legends.

By Charles Lanman.

#### I.—THE VAGABOND BACHELOR.

In the great wilderness of the north, midway between Hudson's Bay and Lake Ontario, lies a beautiful sheet of water called Stone Lake. It is surrounded with hills, which are covered with a dense forest, and the length thereof is about twelve miles. On the shore of this lake there stood, in the olden time, an Ottawa village, and the most notorious vagabond in said village was an old bachelor. He was a kind-hearted rogue, and though he pretended to have a cabin of his own, he spent the most of his time lounging about the wigwams of his friends, where he was treated with the attention usually bestowed upon the oldest dog of an Indian village. The low cunning for which he was distinguished made him the laughing-stock of all who knew him, and his proverbial cowardice had won for him the contempt of all the hunters and warriors. Whenever a war-party was convened for the purpose of pursu-

ing an enemy, Wis-ka-go-twa, or the White Liver, always happened to be in the woods; but when they returned, singing their songs of victory, the vagabond bachelor generally mingled conspicuously with the victors.

But, in process of time, Wis-ka-go-twa took it into his head to get married, and from that moment began the troubles of his life. As soon as his resolution had become known among the young women of the village, they came together in secret council, and unanimously agreed that not one of them would ever listen to the expected proposals of the bachelor, for they thought him too great a coward to enjoy the pleasures of matrimony. Years elapsed, and the vagabond was still in the enjoyment of his bachelorhood.

In the meanwhile a beautiful maiden, named Muck-o-wiss, or the Whippoorwill, had budded into the full maturity of life. She was the chief attraction of the village, and the heart of many a brave warrior and expert hunter had been humbled beneath her influence. Among those who had entered her lodge in the quiet night, and whispered the story of his love, was Wis-ka-go-twa. She deigned not to reply to his avowals, and he became unhappy. He asked the consent of her father to their union, and he said that he had no objections provided the daughter was willing. It so happened, however, that the maiden was not willing, for she was a member of that female confederacy which had doomed the vagabond lover to the miseries of single life. Time passed on, and he was the victim of a settled melancholy.

The sunny days of autumn were nearly numbered, and an occasional blast from the far north had brought a shudder to the breast of Wis-ka-go-twa, for they reminded him of the long winter which he was likely to spend in his wigwam alone. He pondered upon the gloomy prospect before him, and in his phrensy made the desperate resolution that he would, by any means in his power, obtain the love of his soft-eyed charmer. He consequently began to exert himself in his daily hunts, and whenever he obtained an uncommonly fat beaver, or large bear, he carefully deposited it before the lodge of Muck-o-wiss, and he now mingled, more frequently than ever before, in the various games of the village, and was not behind his more youthful rivals in jumping and playing ball. In a variety of ways did he obtain renown, but it was at the expense of efforts which nearly deprived him of life. Again did he sue for the smiles of Muck-o-wiss, but she told him he was an old man, and that he did not wear in his hair a single plume of the eagle, to show that he had ever taken a scalp.

The disappointed vagabond now turned his attention to war. It so happened, however, that a permanent peace had been established between the Ottawas and the neighboring tribes, so that our hero was baffled on this score also. But he had heard it reported in the village that a party of Iroquois warriors had been seen on that side of the Great Lake, and as they were heartily hated by his own tribe, he conceived the idea of absenting himself for a few days, for the purpose of playing a deceptive game upon the maiden of his love and the entire population of the village where

he lived. Having formed his determination, he kept it entirely to himself, and on a certain morning he launched his canoe upon the lake and disappeared, as if going upon a hunting expedition.

Four or five days had elapsed, and the vagabond bachelor was not yet returned. On the afternoon of the sixth day, a couple of Indian boys, who had been frolicking away the morning in the woods, returned to the village in an uncommonly excited mood. They visited almost every wigwam, and related a grand discovery which they had made. While chasing a deer into a secluded bay, about ten miles down the lake, they announced that they had seen Wis-ka-go-twa engaged in a most singular employment. They were aware of his peculiar reputation, and when they saw him in this out-of-the-way place, they watched him in silence from behind a fallen tree. The first act which they saw him perform was, to shoot into the side of his little canoe some twenty of his flint-headed arrows, which mutilated the canoe in a most disgraceful manner. He next took some unknown instrument, and inflicted a number of severe wounds upon his arms and legs. But the deepest incision which he made was on his leg, just above the knee, into which they were astonished to see him place, with a small stick, a kind of white material, which resembled the dry shell of a turtle. All this being accomplished, they saw the vagabond embark in his leaky canoe, as if about to return to the village. They suspected the game that was being played, so they made the shortest cut home and related the foregoing particulars.

An hour or two passed on, and, as the sun was setting, the villagers were attracted by a canoe upon the lake. They watched it with peculiar interest, and found that it was steadily approaching. Presently it made its appearance within hailing distance, when it was discovered to be occupied by the vagabond bachelor. Every man, woman, and child immediately made its appearance on the shore, apparently for the purpose of welcoming the returning hunter, but in reality with a view of enjoying what they supposed would turn out a good joke. The hunter looked upon the crowd with evident satisfaction, but he manifested his feelings in a very novel manner, for he was momentarily uttering a long-drawn groan, as if suffering from a severe wound. As the canoe touched the sand it was found to be half full of bloody water, and one of the sides had evidently been fired into by the arrows of an enemy. A murmur ran through the crowd that Wis-ka-go-twa must have had a dreadful time, and he was called upon to give the particulars, when he did so, in a few words. He had been overtaken, he said, by a party of Iroquois, consisting of some twenty men, who attacked him while he was pursuing a bear, and though he succeeded in killing four of his rascally pursuers, his canoe had been sadly mutilated, and he had received a wound which he feared would be the cause of his death. In due time the wound was revealed to the public eye, and the young women turned away with a shudder; and then the vagabond bachelor was conveyed to his lodge, and the medicine-man sent for to administer relief.

A day or two elapsed, and the poor hunter was evidently in a bad way. They asked him what individual in the village he would have to attend him. He expressed a preference for the father of Muck-o-wiss, who came and faithfully attended to his duties as a nurse, but the sick was not yet satisfied. "Whom will you have now?" asked the old man, and

the name of Muck-o-wiss trembled on the lips of the sick lover. His chief desire was granted, and for three days did the maiden attend to the little wants of her unfortunate lover. Another day, and he was rapidly mending. He was now so nearly restored that the maiden began to talk of returning to her mother's wigwam. This intelligence roused the hunter from his bed of furs, and he once more avowed his undying attachment to the charming maiden. She repulsed him with a frown, and retired from the lodge; so the hunter was again sadly disappointed. The maiden hastened to tell the news to all the women of the village, and after they had enjoyed themselves for upwards of an hour, Muck-o-wiss returned to the wigwam of her lover, and told him that she would become his wife on one condition, which was, that on the day he should succeed in killing five bears, on that day would she enter his lodge and make it a permanent home. For an Indian to kill five bears on one day was considered a remarkable feat, and the roguish Muck-o-wiss thought herself secure.

Days passed on, and the vagabond bachelor was again restored to sound health and devoting himself to the chase. It was just the season when the black bear takes up its annual journey for the south, and the hunter had discovered a narrow place in the lake, where the animals were in the habit of coming. It was the last day of autumn, and early in the morning he had stationed himself in a good ambush. By the time the sun cast a short shadow, he had killed three fine specimens, and placed them before the lodge of his intended wife. The middle of the afternoon arrived, and he had deposited the fourth animal at the same place. The sunset hour was nigh at hand, and the hunter had killed and placed in his canoe the fifth and largest bear that he had ever seen. The happiest hour of the poor man's life was now surely nigh at hand. Impatiently did he paddle his way home. The villagers saw that the vagabond bachelor had been successful, and Muck-o-wiss and all her female companions were filled with consternation. But the truly heroic warriors, who had striven in vain to win the love of the village beauty, were not only astonished, but indignant, for they could not bear the idea of losing, in such a manner, the prize which had urged them on in the more noble deeds of war. But now has the canoe once more reached the shore. Upon his back has the hunter lifted his prize, and up the bank is he toiling and staggering along with the immense load, and now has he fixed his eyes upon the lodge where he is hoping to receive his promised bride. His heart flutters with tumultuous joy—his knees tremble from fatigue—a strange faintness passes over his brain—he reels from his upright position—the bear falls to the ground—and the vagabond bachelor is—dead.

#### II.—ORIGIN OF THE WATER LILY.

MANY, many moons ago, an old and very celebrated hunter of the Pottawattamie nation was at the point of death, in a remote forest. He was alone on his bed of leaves, for he had been stricken by the hand of disease while returning from a hunting expedition. Among the treasures that he was to leave behind him was a beautiful hickory arrow, with which he had killed a great number of animals. The head thereof was made of a pure white flint, and the feathers which adorned it had been plucked from the wings of the scarlet birds. It had been the means of saving his life on many occasions, and its virtues were so peculiar, that it could pass entire through a buffalo without

being tinged with the life-blood of the animal.

The greatest weight which rested upon the mind of the dying Indian, arose from the idea that he could not bequeath his arrow to his oldest son. He was alone in the wilderness, and it made him very unhappy to think that the treasure of his family might yet become the property of an enemy, who would be likely to cross his trail, after the ravens or wolves had eaten his flesh. But this was a thought that he could not possibly endure, and as the pall of night settled upon the world, he fixed his eyes upon the northern star, which had guided him through many dangers, and prayed to the Master of Life that he would take his arrow and carry it safely to the smiling planet. A moment more and the unknown hunter buried his head among the dry leaves, and—died.

On the following night, a terrible gale of wind swept over the land, which took the arrow from the ground and hurled it into the upper air. A strange silence immediately followed, when the northern star was seen to tremble in the sky: another brief period elapsed, and there was a deafening noise heard in the firmament, when the evening star left its own quiet home, and fell upon the northern star for the purpose of winning, by single combat, the arrow of the great hunter. The conflict was a desperate one, and as the two stars fought for the earthly prize, sparks of white light fell from their sides, and in unnumbered particles fell upon the country now known as Michigan. A long rain storm soon followed, by which the particles of light were taken to the river, and by a decree of the Master of Life, were changed into the beautiful white lilies which adorn the numerous streams of the western country.

#### III.—THE FAITHFUL COUSINS.

I now speak of two Chippeway hunters, who lived among the Porcupine mountains, near Lake Superior. They were the oldest sons of two brothers, and noted in their village for the warm friendship existing between them, and for their powers in hunting. They were very famous throughout the land, and into whatever village they happened to enter, the old men asked them to remain and marry their handsome women, but the hunters laughed at all such proposals, for they had pledged their words to each other that they would ever remain single and free.

It was when the leaves were folding, that the young cousins heard of a great hunt which was to take place in a distant village. It was got up by an old warrior, who was the father of a beautiful daughter, and he had determined that the most successful hunter should become his son-in-law. This intelligence had been conveyed to the cousins in a secret manner, and on departing from their own village, they spoke not a word of their determination. In due time the hunt took place, and an immense quantity of game was taken. Some of the hunters brought home two bears, some three and four deer, but the two cousins captured each five bears. As no one man had eclipsed his fellows, it was resolved by the old warrior that the man who should bring to his lodge the scalps of ten bears, should be the successful candidate for the hand of his daughter. Another hunt took place, and each of the cousins brought in, not only the scalps of ten full grown bears, but also a large quantity of choice meats, which they deposited at the tent door of the chief. The difficulty of making a selection was now



even greater than before, but the truth was, the young friends had no desire to marry the beautiful girl, but were only anxious to manifest their bravery, or rather wonderful expertness in killing wild animals. Their singular conduct astonished everybody, but mostly the venerable warrior and his favorite daughter.

The important question must be decided, however, and the old man resorted to a number of expedients to decide upon a future son-in-law. The first was that the two cousins should enter upon a wrestling match—they did so, and the twain fell to the ground at the same moment. The next was that they should try their agility in leaping over a suspended stick, but in this trial they also came out exactly even. The third was, that they shoot their arrows at a pair of humming birds, and the maker of the best shot to be the lady's husband; the arrows were thrown, and the right wing of each bird was broken. The fourth expedient was that they should go upon a squirrel hunt—they did so, and each one returned with just exactly one hundred of those sprightly creatures. It now came to pass, and was whispered about the village, that one of the cousins had really become interested in the girl who was the innocent cause of so much contention, and when her father found this out, he resolved to make one more experiment. He therefore commanded the young men to kill each a specimen of the *ke necoh* or war-eagle, and the one who should present her with the greatest number of perfectly formed feathers, would be welcomed as a relative. The trial was made and the whole number of feathers obtained was twenty-one, the odd feather having been gained by the enamored cousin. The girl was of course awarded to him in due time, but what was the surprise of all the villagers, when it was proclaimed that he would not receive the prize unless the young men of the tribe should first build him a handsome lodge and furnish it with the choicest of meats and skins. At this suggestion the young men were greatly enraged, but they concluded, in consideration of their admiration for the Indian girl, to change their minds, and forthwith proceeded to erect the new lodge.

In the meanwhile, it was ascertained that the unlucky cousin had become somewhat offended at his companion, whereupon the accepted lover joined the other in a bear hunt for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation. It so happened, however, that the existing coldness between them could not be removed, and while the twain were toiling up a remote hill with a view of encamping for the night, the disappointed cousin was suddenly transformed into a large fire-fly, and having ascended into the air, immediately experienced another change, and became what is now known as the Northern star. The remaining cousin felt himself severely punished by this abandonment for having broken his vow, and therefore became an exile from his native land and led a comfortless and solitary life; while the maiden whom he was to wed, it is said, is still waiting patiently, but in vain, for the return of her long lost lover.

### Gleanings of a Continental Tour.

NO. VIII.

#### The Bernese Oberland.

THE most romantic and picturesque district in Switzerland is that comprised under the general name of the Bernese Oberland. It contains in perfection the peculiar features and combinations of natural scenery which distin-

guish Switzerland, and though the Mountains of Chamouni are higher and the passes of the Splügen, Simplon, and St. Gothard more wonderful than any it possesses, yet for my own part I own I have a positive affection for it which is shared by no other district. Its names are more familiar, its beauties more concentrated, and its various sights more peculiar than those of any other part of Switzerland.

We stepped at eight from the crowded and noisy streets of Luzerne into the Swiss boat which was to convey us to Alpnacht, situated at the head of one of the branching arms of the lake, and after a lazy, delightful run amidst unsurpassed scenery, reflecting itself in even greater beauty in the clear blue water, we took a rickety carriage and traversed one of the finest pastoral tracts in Switzerland, the Valley of Sarnem, to Lungern. The features of a Swiss rural landscape are peculiar. The scene is more pastoral and simple, and the mountains which shelter the richest tracts and prettiest villages, themselves capped with fields of snow, seem to bring the gentle and the wild, winter and summer, together in striking contrast. The Swiss cottage, too, is a queer object, with its immense mass of plank tottering supported by plank, story overhanging story, like the card-houses of children, the long, winding, wooden staircases on the outside and galleries often all round, the singular confusion of projections, the unpainted rudeness of their color, their not infrequent carved work, and finally the wild, irregular roof projecting far beyond the sides, and dotted all over with large stones at irregular intervals. Yet these cumbrous oddities are picturesque objects in the landscape. In the Valley of Sarnem are fine orchards and well-wooded meadows and babbling streams, but the stern mountains do not harmonize with the loveliness of the plain as well as less elevated and more wooded hills. The vale of Lungern, from which the wonderful experiment of draining the waters of a lake through a subterranean passage was tried, has lost all its beauty with a great part of its waters. When philosophy and nature quarrel, the latter has always the worst.

We commenced at five our walk over the Brünig pass, reaching from Lungern to Brienz, and accomplished the ten miles in three hours. The perfect freedom of foot-travelling, the liberty one has of stopping every instant to gather the numberless and peculiar wild-flowers which gem the side of the path or to admire the landscape, the elasticity of Swiss air and the exhilarating effect produced by overcoming a steep mountain pass, made our walk rapidly executed and fully enjoyed, for we were all in the highest spirits. The pass is far finer than anything the ascent of the Righi presents. Its sublimity arises from the wild masses of rock, the serrated, perpendicular piles, the regular palisades which form the mountains and rise hundreds of feet before and on both sides, closing in the gorge in which we were. Yet even here were green meadows at the very base of these crags, with hay-makers and herds. The descent was even more striking. From the moment the road struck the edge of the immense gorge, several miles wide, which embraces the valley of Hasli and suddenly places before the eye its whole extent from right to left, it continues to descend into the valley along the edge of the gorge and in full view of it. Never, even in the wild splendor of Luzerne, had I beheld a nobler sight—the walls of mighty crags shutting in the long, stretching valley, through whose whole extent the little Aar wound gently on. From one of these sheltering ranges we looked down on the

scene and beyond beheld the other ridge of rocks, down which frequent rills, like threads of silver, descended. The fall of the Ohstibach, just opposite, caused a gloomy noise amidst the silence, yet appeared to the eye like a thin satin thread, interrupted in its descent by rocks, and splitting into various other falls, but possessing (from its distance) a still, majestic slowness of motion, which was peculiarly impressive. But above all the distant closing mountains, covered with their snows shading off till the dividing lines of them and the clouds were undistinguishable, formed an element of the sublime and a worthy frame for the view. On turning the mountain the lake of Brienz lay below us, but it proved to be a walk of two or three miles through a lonely rural track to it, and it was dark before we reached the Hotel de Bellevue on its bank.

Alpine travellers have no rest. The next morning, though not until we had passed some time in admiration at the lake of Brienz, locked in by frowning mountains,—we drove to Meyringen by the gorge and valley of Hasli, of which we had the evening before had a bird's-eye view. The rocks now towered above us, however, and as we drove along by the rapid little Aar, the Alpach and other rills afforded a succession of waterfalls, as they precipitated themselves into the valley. At Meyringen we took horses and ascended the Great Scheideck. We had rain almost all the time, more or less, but the pass had its charms even in such weather, being for the greater part one of those wild, picturesque gaps where nature works on a grand and simple scale. The two mountains which formed it swept down at a very steep inclination, and formed an acute angle at the bottom, thus contracting the view to very narrow limits. Sure-footed as we knew our animals to be, it was not without a doubt we rode by the winding bridle-path along this gorge, at the bottom of which roared and foamed the Reichenbach river, a mass of foam, dashed from rock to rock, and a little further on forming the celebrated fall, from which its name is principally known. As we approached Rosenlauri, the scene lost many of its wild features, assuming others as beautiful, the river flowed smoothly through pastures, and the valley opened. Before rose the peaks of two craggy hills,—hard, severe, and well-defined; the rain had saturated their surface, and they shone like silvered mica. Below lay the crest of Rosenlauri, with its glacier, celebrated above all others for its rosy color, and the pure white of its snows. After a hurried dinner at the hotel, the only stopping-place on the pass, we again took horse, and winding by the sea-green glaciers of the Wetterhorn, we surmounted the final ascent, and alighted for a moment at the Auberge on the summit of the mountain. It was but for a moment, for a furious wind, a storm, half rain, half snow, and intense cold, composed rather too strong a dish of the sublime, at 6400 feet above the level of the sea. Down we went by one of the steepest paths I ever saw, and I admired the sagacity and sure-footedness of our beasts, who descended a track formed in part of steep steps. As we neared the valley, several distinct bands of girls awoke the echo with their "yodeln" songs, though some were far too antiquated to be the representatives of Byron's "Peasant girls with deep blue eyes." The weather was miserable—rain, rain. We rode past the upper glacier of Grindelwald, and trotting up to the Adler Hotel, gladly alighted from our tired horses, ourselves nearly as fatigued as they.

The next day, a glorious one, we were early

astir, and bound for the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and Interlachen. The noble valley of Grindelwald, which the night before we thought little of, was now fully valued and enjoyed, and I thought it the more picturesque from the simplicity of the features which compose the view—the three magnificent mountains between which, its principal boast, the glaciers form and fall, the Great Wetterhorn, the Tritenberg, and the Eiger, standing like sentinels—simple, stupendous, and grand. The first most fitly bore out its title of “the Mountain of Tempests,” for clouds mingled with its snows, and a robe of mist encompassed its middle. The gorge by which we left the valley was awful; our road, flanked by the immense fortifications of nature, by which she guards the access to her inner shrine, while further on, three mountains alone blocked in the view. As we turned from the direct road to Interlachen, and drove up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, we caught our first view of the snowy summit of the Jungfrau, blocking up the end of the valley, and illuminated superbly by the rays of the sun. The loveliness of Lauterbrunnen has not been exaggerated. It might rather be called a gorge from its narrowness, and the steepness of the mountains which form it, and which, springing almost from the waters of the Lutschine, present first steep, green pasturages of undulating velvet sward, then craggy steeps and mountain heights. Below all is repose, save the Lutschine, which dashes on a line of foam. By its sides lie the steep meadows, rich with crops and orchards, and interspersed with fine trees. Almost every rock which overhangs these quiet nooks has its rill (the name of the valley signifies “nothing but fountains”), which falls in long, misty, gauze-like threads; but the greatest of all, and highest in the world (900 feet), is the Staubbach. From below it appears as one chute, till, reaching a spot where the rocks have less perpendicularity, it is dashed into fragments, and from it “a thousand rills their mazy progress take.” The lower part of the great fall does not agree with its name. It is not like “dust,” either in color, for it is too pure, or in lightness. It resembles more a cloud of mist, and so great is the descent that it requires close attention to detect motion in any of its particles; there is, too, in addition to this appearance, as if suspended motionless in the air, a certain death-like blueness of tint which makes Byron’s comparison most graphic and true.

“Like the pale courser’s tail,  
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse.”

We drove to Interlachen first by the road we had come to, then by its most lovely valley. The mountains which bound the gorge of Lauterbrunnen here recede, and form the lakes of Thun and Brienz, between which the valley lies. It is a plain, almost a floor, and seldom have I beheld a more lovely rural landscape. The harvesters were in the field, orchards were frequent, all was simple and home-like. Yet still it was amid the Alps. The plain is rich in the shade of trees, and the road is lined with them on both sides; and underneath and between them the blue mountain sides appear. With such a richly-wooded foreground, the mountains around seem more noble by contrast, and especially the snowy peak of the Jungfrau, that “Virgin” of the first class, seen afar off, filling up the gorge which separates the line of nearer mountains. It lies like the purest bank of clouds, hardly discernible from them, and appears almost too airy for earth, and relieved against the mild

blue sky, to form a link with Heaven. Nothing of the lower part of the mountain appears, and the snow covers all. What contrasts of shades for a painter, the green of the trees, the blue of the sky, and the snow between!

But—especially just after sunset, what a view is each evening presented to the gaze of the promenaders along the Walnut Avenue! The ridges of mountain are tipped along their whole extent with a narrow belt of red light, and the snows of the Jungfrau are one mass of fire, intensely brilliant, while the bases of the hills lie in shadow, and the peaks show all the varieties of Alpine crag, the great conical mass of the Riesen to the west, looming in the distance.

Interlachen itself is a regular Swiss village, with great, unpainted doll-houses, a picturesque mill, and is grouped by the banks of the swift, green Aar. The eastern part where the strangers congregate, is almost an English settlement, and is filled with gay hotels and pensions. There is an English air over everything. Though there is a table d’hôte at one, there is also another for the English at five, and at night the table is spread for tea, not supper. The Walnut Avenue, with its noble trees, is a main feature in the view. When it is crowded with English and country people, it presents a gay and brilliant appearance, though there are fewer greater caricatures than the Interlachen female dress, their contracted, square, black bodices making the women look like dolls, and their low bosoms, with broad straps over their shoulders, and great stiff sleeves, complete a very scare-crowish costume.

From Interlachen, a drive of two miles, and a steam along Lake Thun, and a mile up the pretty Aar bordered with gardens, bring us to the town of Thun, and set us down at the Bellevue Hotel, removed from the town, and prettily located among trees and gardens. Thun itself is one of the most curious and pleasant of Swiss towns; its peculiar architecture, the pointed, conical, red towers of its castle, the hanging awnings of the houses, like Italy, and its curious streets, forming a quaint mélange. In the latter, the part appropriated to carriages is six feet below the pavements, and is bordered by little shops of one story, on which run the latter, made of broad flagstones, and themselves bordered by the houses and lined with seats and benches before each door. The country, too, is most prettily and tastefully ornamented, and the wild features of the country lie in grandeur beyond.

But it is time to close this long, rambling article. At Thun the Bernese Oberland ends, and we pass over a less marked country to Berne itself.

J. B.

## Reviews.

DANA’S WRITINGS.

*Poems and Prose Writings.* By Richard Henry Dana. 2 vols. 12mo. Baker & Scribner.

MR. DANA’S writings are addressed to readers of thought, sensibility, and experience. Such will find rich nutriment in them; to many others they will be barren. We can imagine the case, nay, we have met with the writers and the men who, affecting a superiority which only showed the bluntness of their minds, have declared this style commonplace and diffuse. It may be really so to them. The distinctions taken are so fine as to escape their

observation. They have no perception of the niceties of thought and sensation, the inner vitality of such pictures. All appears monotonous because little is understood. Again, the charge of commonplace is but another exhibition of ignorance. If there is one thing more than another, as we turn over new leaves of the annual life-calendar, for which we have a growing respect, it is for a commonplace as understood by such critics. The commonplaces are the sober realities of life, the substantial facts from which all others drop off,—the great moralities. We are far less fastidious about this commonplace than we used to be. There was a time when we wished it decorated with brilliant appendages; when it was naught without the play of fancy, even if at the expense of a partial obscuration; but while we value every beauty and grace of composition more than ever, we can live and read now without these adjuncts. The sincerity of the thing is far more than its livery; a just method of reasoning before decoration. After all, the kaleidoscope, though a brilliant invention, is but a toy. We feel amidst these sentimental writers like Lear, in his dread anatomy of the world, “off, off, you lendings.” We wish to see the unsophisticated man. Mr. Dana’s men, the objects of his speculations, are presented as human beings, with simple relations about them of natural development. They do not glitter with fopperies in drawing-rooms; they are not embroidered with the spangles of conceit; they are not to be made endurable only through vivacious dialogue. Hence his books are “caviare to the general,” and the last in the world which an ordinary novel-reading lady could endure. In the space given to the simple story, so full of heart knowledge, of Edward and Mary, a drawing-room reader would certainly look for half a dozen balls, an elopement or a duel, and be dissatisfied with less than a score of new acquaintances. There are but two beings upon the scene, but an essential part of every man’s life is there, in terms which will outlive the changeable fashions of many schools of romances. Like Charles Lamb’s Rosamond Gray, these novels in miniature are reserved for a few patient readers; but they are a few who have a secret of continuity among them, and live on steadily from age to age.

The touches of nature which appear like wild flowers, tender and delicate, in what is called a barren (that is a humanly uncultivated) field, will reach the hearts of many. There were such passages in Mr. Dana’s Lectures on Shakspeare, which were delivered with a beautiful, sad, pathetic utterance. They spring up here and there in the midst of his narrative or logic. In the paper on Law, a domestication, an introduction to home and the American citizen, of the sublimity of Hooker, there is an introduction in illustration of our mutual graduated dependence, of a poor Christian woman, such an one as Cowper contrasts with Voltaire, or Wordsworth describes, who

Sits by her fire and builds her hope in heaven,

which is in the tone to which we allude:

“My Christian friend, you to whom wealth and a cultivated mind have given advantages over that poor, aged Christian woman, who can do little more than spell out her Bible, did there not stir in you, while you stood talking with her, a feeling for her humble condition,—a protecting benevolence? And as you heard her patient, meek spirit utter its thankfulness for all God’s goodness to her, did it not come like gentle and unconscious rebuke from her to you? Did you not reverence her in her lowly earthly condition? Did you not reverence her all the more for it? Did you not go away more humble, more revering, than you would



have gone from one ranking with yourself? And do you not believe that she took more heart-comfort in pouring out her soul to you, than she could have taken in so doing to one in the same condition of life with herself? Did not the earthly relation of rank, which she bore to you, run on in grateful sympathy with that humility in her which came from and related back to an infinitely high Power? Were you not both the better for the difference in your conditions? I know how you will answer me. And I know, also, what reply you would make, should I question you respecting any honorable and respectable quality in a fellow-creature standing in like difference of rank to yourself."

The identification, too, of outward nature with feeling, is very observable in these writings, not in the vague pantheistic strain which has of late sickened the public, but with far more of force and affection, quite another thing based on other principles, growing in another direction. Illustrations of the subtle intertwining of nature and art may be found throughout the volumes. Here is one of the more direct expressions of the sentiment.

"Having nothing of the superiority, and, we trust, little of the superciliousness of such minds, we would earnestly recommend to those who read poetry the study of the older writers. Next to studying nature itself, they can hardly be better employed. Indeed, the two have so much to do with each other, that their very differences serve to bring their resemblances to mind; and an acquaintance with the one, and attachment to it, will naturally be followed by a knowledge and love of the other. The old authors have this quality in common with nature,—the more they are studied, the closer hold they take upon the mind. They shoot up and overrun us like vines, creeping along the windings of our feelings and twining in among our thoughts with a growth so gentle and silent, that, although our hearts are kept fresh by them, and our minds overhung with their dangling beauties, the grateful sense that they impart to us is hardly noted, and is in us as if it were only our own happy nature. Perhaps it is owing to this very quality that the common run of people are so little drawn towards them. For the greater part of men want something that will take a rude hold upon them, something that will flare upon them like a broad setting sun. Tangled and by-path overgrowings tease rather than delight them; and they lack that infant nativeness of heart which gladly lies down in warm, lighted nooks, and looks with a half-strange delight upon the dancing sun-spots which play upon the grass under the thick wood."

The critical paper in which this passage occurs is a mine of sound judgment and true taste in literature. It is a review of some of the great English authors, based on Hazlitt's Lectures on the Poets. How much may be evolved by a thoughtful mind from this vindication of the humanity of some of the Old Writers, where it exhibits itself in contrasts and apparent violences, often misunderstood by the second, third, and lower classes of critics!

"Humanity would seem to be strangely made up. We find men with intellects of a second order, who scarcely make approaches to genius, and who are careful to avoid all undue indulgences in conduct and conversation, but who are yet without those deep and solemn tones, those pure and airy sounds, which make secret music in the heart of him who sometimes forgets them and gives himself up to the indulgences of tainted wit or idle pleasantries. Yet even at such times the character may be seen through, and we may perceive that the man has, unconsciously, gone out of his individuality, if we may so speak, as if only to return to himself again, to feel the more distinctly his own peculiar being, and to dwell in the midst of those

thoughts and sensations which absence has given freshness to. It seems to be upon somewhat the same principle that a man of still life and retired feelings now and then goes into the riot and bustle of the crowd with an alacrity and relish which his friends smile and wonder at. But the stir and noise are over, and he sits once more by the gentle flickering of his fire, and quiet, low beating of the flames, and the thoughts and feelings from which he had for a while gone abroad give him a kind and cheerful welcome, and he takes his seat among them again happy and at home. Perhaps, too, it is that something of earth about us which will not let us live always in the higher regions of the mind, but sometimes brings us low that our imaginations may not make us vain, and humbles us with healing sorrow for our weaknesses, and mercifully turns our very failings into ministers to us of good.

"We are not making excuses for these givings-in to the frailties of humanity; we are simply speaking of men as we find them, and of the fact, that seldom has one been met with so guarded as never to smile at playful follies, nor to take part in what, perhaps, in more serious moments, he would be sorry for having said or done, who had not a self-gratulatory spirit in his shut-up propriety, which stained deeper than those momentary failures which, in more careless and open natures, are not rooted deep in the character, but fall off from it almost as fast as they put forth. So true is this, that there is the same proneness in us to look doubtfully upon that scrupulosity which has never so far forgotten itself as to laugh at the unwashed wit of Swift, as there is to question the intellectual superiority that has never deigned to be amused with his fooleries in verse. He who never lends himself to the follies of fellowship may avoid them quite as much from an ever-present inflated, formal self-complacency, as from a singleness of pure and elevated virtue:—if it be indeed from this ever-sustained virtue, verily, well is it with that man!

"It is narrowness of mind, or pride of system, which takes from some men a relish for the exercise of the intellect through all its varieties. One tires and yawns at sentiment; another recoils from wit as undignified, and, wrapped up in the dull and vulgar, yet smile-provoking dignity of his own importance, puts from him all humor, as so much buffoonery.

"The man who likes widely, for the most part, likes truly. Confined taste comes from some defect in us, which weakens our relish and warps our judgment even of those things which we like best. He who has sentiment and humor is more thoroughly possessed of both, than he who has a feeling of but one of them can be of either. Where we are moved violently, we are moved strangely. Through the over-shadowings of affliction images the most grotesque are passing, now dimly, now distinctly, before us; and even into the depths of a sorrow which seems to have driven out from the heart all that is impure, and to have made it the dwelling of heavenly visitants, unholy thoughts, seemingly formed from without us and on which we shut our eyes with loathing and horror, make their way.

"With this show of contradictions mocking us in the very sincerity and earnestness of our passions, and with all the changing images and shifting lights of our minds, a singleness of taste, which puts aside everything that is not modelled to its own notions, is punished for its warning with nature, by being cut off from its rich and healthful varieties.

"Yet every mind has something which it turns to as especially its own, and each thing connected with it is looked on with a peculiar fondness. It has its society of thoughts and feelings, which are as old friends to it, and though it may find entertainment abroad, these are of its household. Now, surely, it will not be said, No matter what their character, so there be enough of them. Minds of the higher order,—minds that have a heart in them,—look up to lofty objects, go out over broad nature, and hang over its simple and lasting beau-

ties. With such, ill-humor is not seriousness, nor vain laughter cheerfulness. They have moral elevation, and deep and sober sympathies.

"That steal upon the meditative mind,  
And grow with thought."

Their gaiety has the pure gladness of morning in it; and their associations are with what is stable and good."

In this paper occurs the critique on Pope, which made some stir on its original publication in the North American Review, in days when to question Pope was to be an heresiarch, and when Mr. Dana's nice æsthetic distinctions were by no means the common property they have become since. How clearly are the merits and defects of Pope distinguished, nothing abated from the wit's true excellence, and every honor paid to Poesy herself! Take this discrimination of

#### POETIC FANCY.

"But allowing its full merit to this extraordinary work of the fancy (the Rape of the Lock), we must remember that fancy has its modifications, being sometimes tinged with the ingenious, conceited, and curious; and, again, glowing with the solely and highly poetical, and even so blending with that higher faculty, the imagination, as to be hardly distinguished from it.

"Now, with all the lively talents shown in the Rape of the Lock, and sprightly and delicate as its supernatural beings are, its fancy seems to us to be modified by the former qualities of mind, rather than by the latter and higher faculty. Indeed, where the fancy is called out in sprightly satire, it is more likely to partake of the ingenious than of the poetic, though this is not the tendency of graver satire. And in whatever approaches to parody, travesty, or any form of the mock character, still more likely is this to be the case, and fancy to be merged in cleverness and a certain species of wit. Parody, travesty, or the like, however near it may seem to come to poetry, and however generally it may be taken for it, gives no assurance, but rather the contrary, of the writer's success in works of an opposite and strictly poetic kind: it is the product of talents rather than of genius,—poetic genius we mean. Now the Rape of the Lock does partake somewhat of this character; and though we do not intend to dispute its possessing poetic fancy, yet in so far as it savors of the other character will the principle spoken of more or less apply.

"The poem is full of life; and it is animating to see how briskly at work the author is, how gay upon fashionable follies, and dexterous in setting out a toilet; how well arranged things are; and what a show there is of beaux and belles, powdered heads, craped cushions, fans and furbelows, ruffs, cards, and tea-cups, with all sorts of washes, and essences too, till the senses nigh ache at it.

"This taking of supernatural poetic beings from poetic scenes and relations, and shutting them up in a drawing-room, and associating them with the most anti-poetic form of artificial society, is primarily the work of wit rather than of fancy; and while we would not for a moment question the predominance of fancy in the poem, yet is it fancy quickened by the former faculty, wit, and working in its service and wearing its badge: it is fancy owing much of its activity to wit. It is the very reverse of the fairy parts of Midsummer Night's Dream, where what there may be of wit is salient from and subordinated to poetic fancy,—poetic fancy in its amusive mood.

"And how do Shakspeare's little creatures divert themselves with honest Bottom? Why, with fanning the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes with the wings of painted butterflies, caught in their airy chases. Some kill cankers in the musk-rose buds; some war with rearmice, and others keep back the clamorous owl;—all their duties and all their language bring before you poetic beings of substance as delicate as the soft air they play in, and doing the offices of poetry. They are not tied up to the leading object,—a

comic one,—as in Pope, but are seen coursing among flowers and silver dew-drops, or just coming into sight through the moonlight, with some trophy of their skill and spirit; yet the main purpose is not neglected. Drayton's *Nymphidia*, too, partakes of the ludicrous,—but how subordinated to the poetical! Considered in reference to its poetical character solely, is it inferior to Pope's work?—While we would not detract a jot from the really great merit of Pope's poem, we would make what we think to be a well-grounded distinction respecting it."

These are all logical deductions, with all the force to be derived from comparison and observation, and, once perceived, have the absolute authority of instinct. In such a manner Mr. Dana combines knowledge of life with his literary perceptions.

But there are higher lessons in the volumes than these, lessons of thought and experience to which books and nature are but accessories, the individual solution of that great life problem, the relation of man to his Maker, which must be solved in some way by us all. This solution Mr. Dana finds in the humble acceptance of Christianity and utter submission and obedience to its Divine laws. And if the true dignity and worth of such submission at this time of the world needed illustration, we would point to the strength and grandeur conveyed from this divine spring, through many channels to the poet's observation of man and nature. By tenderness, by force, in purity, in calmness, the poet paints the world, treading in safety the dizzyest verge of passion, true to all things, honorable to all men; the just style resolving all perplexities, a rich instruction and solace in these volumes to the young and old who are to come hereafter.

#### THE PACIFIC.

*Wandering Sketches of People and Things in South America, Polynesia, California, and other Places: visited during a Cruise on board of the U. S. Ship Levant, Portsmouth, and Savannah.* By Wm. Maxwell Wood, M.D., Surgeon U.S.N. Carey & Hart.

THE title of this book sufficiently indicates its purpose and contents, though with the important omission of a date. The time occupied by the voyage should have been mentioned. It was in the year 1844, but there is a curious omission of the date even in the body of the work. Months and days are given, but no year, till a certain departure from Honolulu on Thursday, October 30, 1844. There is an equal neglect of the names of the vessels in which the author is sailing, and, indeed, of all ship specifications. We hear nothing of the navy, "the service," but are agreeably entertained with the usual objects of an officer's visits on shore during a cruise in the Pacific. The name of the ship in which Dr. Wood leaves the Atlantic coast, and the port from which he departs, are not mentioned; but he reaches the beautiful harbor of Rio, the delight and astonishment of California travellers, in due time, and again in good season passes the Horn, which, on the 25th December, presents "a smooth blue sea, the sun glittering upon the snows of Patagonia, the Cape, and neighboring islands lying quietly in sight—all nature smiling as if in mockery of our expectations, and of the hard-weather arrangements which our ship displayed." Valparaiso is visited, and Lima. At old Callao a picnic was given by a native land proprietor, which is foreign and picturesque:—

#### A PICNIC.

"The entertainment was given by a gentleman, the proprietor of an estate near Callao, and who

had several young ladies in his family. Early in the morning of the appointed day we started on horseback for the scene of festivity, and upon reaching it we found part of the company present, all however of the family to whose hospitality we were indebted, godmother, grandmother, and children. The young ladies had not yet arrived, because of their attendance on mass. Extensive preparations were going on for the day's feasting. Two sheep were ready for roasting, and piles of plucked chickens and turkeys were awaiting the cook's disposal. This functionary was busily engaged at the open air furnace or kitchen, over an immense earthen vessel of broth, or 'caldo,' as it is here called. This 'caldo' is the first dish and an essential part of a Peruvian breakfast. As a native gourmand once remarked to me, the caldo warms the stomach and gets it ready for the food. Among the stores on the ground, were a variety of wines, bottles of Italia, and as an evidence of Yankee influence, and a tribute to Yankee taste, ice, mint, and brandy. The ice is frozen snow from the Andes, preserved in stable manure.

"The point upon which we were, is a bathing-place; and for the accommodation of the bathers, a range of small chambers have been constructed of matting. The divisions between these being removed formed a convenient shady apartment for our tables. While we were surveying their promising preparations, the young ladies of the party dashed up on horseback. Their costume was similar to the parlor or walking dresses of our own ladies, excepting that they wore broad-brimmed Guayaquil hats, nearly the whole width of the crown covered by broad plaid ribbons, done up in large bows at the side.

"The big pot of 'caldo' was now removed from the fire, placed on one end of the table, and breakfast commenced. It was evident that the principles of teetotalism had not reached this part of our globe, for the wine and Italia seemed to be as necessary a part of the breakfast of the ladies as they were of that of the sterner sex; and I found that no matter how often I offered a mint julep to a lady, it was freely accepted; and feeling some apprehension for the consequences, I substituted wine for brandy in mixing them, as I felt bound in gallantry to offer as long as they were not declined. It was with some mortification that I learned that it is considered an act of rudeness to refuse anything offered at table, and that my officious gallantry might in truth have been a persecution to those to whom it was extended. This conventional courtesy of offering and accepting delicacies at table is in frequent exercise. A lady will take up some choice morsel, on the end of a fork, from her plate, and present it to any gentleman whom she may wish to compliment, and the gentleman acknowledges the honor done him by a speedy return of the civility. This custom appears to be an equivalent for that of hob-nobbing. After breakfast, ladies as well as gentlemen lit their cigars, and puffed away with the air and gusto of old smokers. As the party was to spend the day upon the ground, and pass the evening in dancing at the 'chacara' of our kind-hearted host, we regretted exceedingly that imperative engagements compelled us to leave soon after the completion of our first Peruvian breakfast."

We have some profitable items of observation at Lima. Though brief, the following has interest, from the writer's professional character:—

#### HOSPITALS AT LIMA.

"There are but few, if any points of interest, other than that of association, in any of the public buildings of Lima. In the vaults beneath the cathedral, a mouldering body is shown as that of Pizarro, but 'Quien sabe.' The rooms of the Inquisition are now grated prisons for the lowest criminals. The hospitals are immense establishments of filth, disease, and wretchedness. The horrors of one visit to one of these establishments, where lunatics were locked up *en masse* in a courtyard, like wild beasts in a pen, are never to be forgotten. \* \* \* The only neat and comfortable

eleemosynary establishment it was my fortune to see in Lima, was the foundling hospital. Here babies, who have no owners, and there are many of them, are deposited in a cradle in the wall of the establishment, and being received on the inside are carefully and comfortably provided for."

There is also a curious Museum and a Library, of which it would not be unreasonable in the reader to ask Dr. Wood for a description something more particular:—

#### A MUSEUM.

"The public museum and library are in the same building, and are open to free admission twice a week. In the museum are life-size portraits of the forty-five viceroys, commencing with Pizarro. It was a matter of some interest to observe the change of costume presented by these pictures. First come black clothes, and high stiff ruffs about the neck; then embroidery begins to appear, and increases until the coats of the old Dons are solid with it, while they are gaudy in crimson vests, breeches, and stockings. Then again the embroidery disappears, until it just borders the coat, and nothing is left of the crimson garments but the bright breeches. From the old viceroys we turn to the remains of those yet more antique, and perhaps greater characters, the mummies of the ancient Indians—it may be of the Incas themselves. These sat grinning in glass cases, in the same posture they were taken from their sepulchres, the thighs bent upon the body, legs crossed and bent upon the thighs, arms crossed over the chest, the elbows resting on the knees, and the chin supported by the hands. In this museum are also a number of Huacos, or vessels and images of earthen, gold, or silver material, taken from the ancient tombs.

"The library, in the same building, contains about twenty-six thousand volumes, conveniently arranged, and among them are some valuable books."

The street observations in such hurried tours are generally the most characteristic:—

#### A MYSTERIOUS MOVEMENT.

"While in the market-place, I noticed a young man in the coarse grey cloth habit of the bare-footed friars, carrying a huge basket, which he placed with mechanical indifference before each pile of fruits or vegetables; he scarcely gave a look at the seller, and she, for they were generally cholos, or Indian women, for some minutes paid no attention to him; then she would pick up the smallest potatoe, or cut a slice of pumpkin, and toss it with an air of reluctance into the basket. I followed him for some time, and every one seemed to make it a point to keep him waiting for some minutes; while he, with well practised patience, endured the delay: not a word passed between the parties."

#### A LIMA HOUSEWIFE.

"To the great comfort and convenience of the Limanians, the clear waters of the Rimac are flowing through their streets, and, fortunately, carry off much of the filth which might otherwise be left by those industrious scavengers—the turkey-buzzards, which are seen in great numbers through the streets, tame as domestic fowls. Frequently, a Lima housewife, of an humble class, may be seen to bring the dishes and plates from the dinner-table and wash them in these street gutters."

Passing over a bull fight, and a visit to the ruins of the "Temple of the Sun," we are arrested, somewhat further on, by a projected bit of adventure on the part of the officers, which turns out a failure:—

#### A DEFEATED "RESCUE."

"Not long anterior to our visit the plaza or square of Payta was the scene of a political execution, which excited much interest in the breasts of all acquainted with it. It was one of those quiet, unnumbered tributes of life and honor to patriotism, principle, or ambition, the remembrance of which dwells in a neighborhood, but is never elevated



upon the altar of fame. A young man, by the name of Manuel Angulo, with a view to reforming his country, revolutionized the province of Piura. Although having but thirty followers, he was at first successful, but finally was defeated, taken prisoner, and confined in a vessel in the harbor of Payta, from which he was to be conducted to the shore and shot. The officers of the foreign men-of-war looked upon the matter as a political murder, and determined to rescue him in an unofficial manner. Two of the boats of a United States vessel of war were to follow, as if accidentally, close upon that conducting the prisoner; he was to jump overboard, the American boats were to rush in, and, in the confusion, rescue him. A note communicating this arrangement was sent him. On the appointed day the prisoner left the ship for his final journey, the United States boats followed closely, but he made no effort to jump overboard, was conducted to the plaza, and shot. It is not known that he ever received the note."

To Payta succeeds Nukuheva and the Marquesas, the classic ground of Melville, whose pleasant valleys and their inhabitants we are reminded of by what our traveller sees in the neighborhood of his anchorage. Even at a seaport they preserve something of the air of romance:—

#### THE MARQUESANS.

"Those accustomed to the sombre, stolid character of the aborigines of our country, would not be likely to form a correct judgment of that of the Marquesans. They are of fine, athletic, but slender and agile figures, of a lighter and clearer complexion than that of our Indians, or those of the other islands; with animated varying countenances, displaying in strong expression every emotion.

"Their costume consisted of some folds of the Kapa cloth, called a 'maro,' around the loins; and a mantle is worn by the females, passing over one shoulder and the chest, and fastening under the arm of the opposite side, being thus loose and flowing to the wind; it of course does not afford much protection to the person; most of them wore wreaths of leaves or flowers around the head, which, at the same time, was a pretty ornament, and a protection from the rays of the sun. The beautiful glossy black hair of the females was, in many cases, gathered in a bunch at the back of the head. The men had portions of the head shaved, and the remainder of the hair, or what was left, done up in one or two bunches, projecting like horns. Males and females had perforations, or slits in the lobes of the ears, and these filled to distension with various things; bones, pieces of tortoiseshell, teeth, &c. Some wore whale's teeth, and others small white flowers tied up and inclosed in a leaf, suspended around the neck; others were decorated with necklaces of a large red pod, like that of the pepper, strung together.

"Tattooing appeared a prevalent fashion, to which all conformed, young and old, male and female. It varied in different individuals, from a few delicate lines, to an extent covering the whole person with a bluish-green, livid hue. Some of the women had only a few delicate blue lines, crossing the lips from front to back; others had their hands and forearms elaborately colored; a group of young girls, which I met in one of my walks, had several of their number with their arms enveloped in kapa-cloth coverings; they were in a high state of inflammation from their recent tattooing. A favorite device, and I only observed it among the males, was a band about two inches broad, commencing high up on the forehead, on one side, crossing diagonally, the forehead, the root of the nose, and terminating on the opposite cheek, about its middle, on a level with the inferior portion of the ear; from each corner of the termination of this broad band, a delicate line crossed the remainder of the cheek to the neck. Some had the entire face of this awful green hue; others, grim old warriors, from foot to head, had changed to this ghastly color, rendered more hor-

rid by the contrasting red of their eyelids, and the white of their eyeballs."

The subsequent visit to the Sandwich islands and California, which the author saw in its last hours of Mexican rule, we must barely allude to. There is a curious picture of Monterey, which may be profitably compared with the last portrait of the town by Bayard Taylor, in 1849. At the actual breaking out of the war our traveller crosses Mexico from San Blas, on his return to the United States, with government dispatches.

As Dr. Wood touches upon many similar scenes with Lt. Wise, it is due to the former to mention that his book was originally issued from the press before the publication of "Los Gringos," though we received it but a few weeks ago. Though very unlike Lt. Wise's lively book, it is an agreeable companion to the present journeyings of American readers over the Pacific, the new field of enterprise, while its California observations will afford material for the future historians of the country.

#### NEW BOOKS ON PARIS.

*The French Metropolis: Paris seen during the Spare Hours of a Medical Student.* By Augustus Kinsley Gardner, M.D. Second edition. Revised and illustrated by Heath and others. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

*The Battle Summer; being Transcripts from Personal Observation in Paris during the year 1848.* By Ik. Marvel, Author of "Fresh Gleanings." New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

PARIS, "*cœur et cerveau du monde*," as Louis Blanc before exile and perpetual banishment, perhaps now with even stronger emphasis, pronounces it, is an inexhaustible theme for the exercise of reminiscence and description. That there was material enough for curious observation and varied adventure under the old régime of Louis Philippe and uninterrupted peace, the first of the above volumes amply shows. That the Revolution and the new dispensation of confusion and hubbub which succeeded, by no means diminished the staple of adventure and incident, the second volume proves equally well. Dr. Gardner was in Paris before, Ik. Marvel after, the three days of 1848. The one saw Genteel Comedy, Opera, and Ballet; the other, Tragedy, Melodrama, and Farce. Both were enthusiastic sight-seers, and both good describers of what they saw; but it seems hard to recognise in the pages of the latter, with their chronicles of blood and bewilderment, the gay, indifferent, undisturbed Paris, which the former pictures in his sketches of its life and habits. It is the belle of the ball-room to-night, transformed into a Bedlamite to-morrow.

The sketches of Dr. Gardner comprise the main points of interest in the experience of a Parisian resident, such as any one who has lived there will be glad to retrace in the company of an agreeable and spirited writer, and such as any one in whose anticipations a visit to the great metropolis figures, will be glad to be informed about in advance. The author was a student of medicine, and during his leisure hours devoted himself to the dissection and diagnosis of the complicated social peculiarities which surrounded him. His letters to the Newark Daily Advertiser, of which he was the Foreign Correspondent, form the substance of the present volume. Aided by the illustrations, which give very good views of the prominent "*specialités*" of Parisian architecture and ornament, Dr. Gardner's descrip-

tions might serve as a guide to many of them, while his taking and lively commentaries on the topics of interest during his sojourn in the French capital, give his book additional spirit and value.

Ik. Marvel pleased us better in his "Fresh Gleanings" than in this more elaborate and less natural work. He has evidently studied to paint his picture of the New Revolution after Carlyle's grand *fresco* of the old Revolution, in the same Rembrandt or Salvator style. This is a mistake. Our author has originality, nerve, and taste enough of his own, as abundantly exhibited in his former work, to have ventured single-handed, and without the aid of his precursor (the Virgil of his Dante pilgrimage) into the *Inferno* of French Revolution. There is great merit in his book, and much originality and striking thought in his sketches, which, though they have not the advantage of having been drawn from life, fresh and new, as they passed before the eye in that vision of blood and anarchy, are still very close to the truth, and some of them from the life. And we do not deprecate his choice of a model, for the sake of disparaging his present production. Only we think he has not done so well as he might have done, if, instead of copying Carlyle, he had copied only what he saw.

The present volume, called "*Reign of Blouse*," is only the first; we have the promise of a second, called "*Reign of Bourgeois*," as a sequel.

For a striking, vivid sketch, as well as to bear out our suggestions as to the Carlyleiana of the style, take the following:—

#### TUILERIES.

"An empty palace! The half-eaten breakfast remains on the royal table. Up, up, by Staircase of Pavilion, by Staircase of Staff National, by Staircase of the Seine, the hooting crowd pushed on.

"Now, indeed, abdication is certain; for there is no King, but Barricaders, Guards National, Republicans, Whitecapped Women, Polytechnics, glazed-hatted Cabmen—whatever you will. Crowded four abreast, through the kingly doors, they burst madly on, glutting their eyes on damask and soft chairs.

"The boldest shout—bravo! à bas le Roi!—and fire their muskets from the windows. The timid sit in corners on Canapé—their muskets across their knees, watching and wondering.

"Women fling down their muskets, and feel of damask table covers.

"Artists take off their bayonets and examine curiously, mosaic and tapestry.

"The Republican smiles sternly, and marching straight to throne-room, instinct guiding him, stands boldly on cushioned throne, and makes his musket ring on the gilded frame-work.

— "Away into the wing towards Rivoli—into Duchess of Orleans' rooms, breaks a fragment of the multitude. The Duchess is gone. Her book is turned up on the table where she read; little paper soldiers strew the carpet where Duc de Chartres was playing at mimic war. Dresses lie strewn here and there; gilt braided cap of Count of Paris, and hussar braid covered jacket of the little Duke.

"Within, further on, in chamber, are the cap and epaulettes of poor Duke of Orleans, guarded with holy reverence by the widowed Duchess. These the crowd spares; and it pauses, leaving the book in its place upon the table; she will find, if she find it at all, the page the same; the paper soldiers lie strewn as the Duke strewed them on the carpet; and even lace-broidered *mouchoir* lies untouched upon the sofa.

"But not so of King-rooms. The Throne passes out, hurly burly, borne on four stout shoulders; down go crimson canopy and hangings;

damask in long strips streams out of the windows, and the crowds below catch them, and tearing them, make red flags to stick in their musket muzzles.

"Out go gilded tables, and statues of King and Queen, and paintings. Above and below, the whole building is now swarming. From cellar grating they pass up mouldy-topped bottles of wine; and sitting on fragments of Royal furniture and on national drums, they drink—confusion to the Royal Runaway.

"Salutes are firing from palace roof, and drunken Marseillaise is breaking out from the grim vaults below.

"Troops, all of them, with Nemours at their head, are gone, and the people are master of court and palace."

#### GRISWOLD'S PARNASSUS.

*The Poets and Poetry of America, to the middle of the 19th Century.* By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Tenth Edition. Carey & Hart.

AMERICAN poets are increasing with commendable rapidity. Dr. Griswold can catch a handful for a new edition at any moment, but we do not find a corresponding increase of Poems. That is quite another question. It is a harmless thing enough to glean occasional verses from the corners of newspapers, and publish them in a volume for whoever chooses to buy, but, notwithstanding the well preserved formulas of literary reputation, the puff, the biography (to which that of Parish clerk, P. P., is profound in interest by comparison), the whole has a meagre, unreal look.

It is a fast country, apparently, where a yesty young poet can write half a dozen copies of verses one day, and be bottled down for immortality the next. But, after all, there is nothing in it. Poets are not littered into the world at this rate. The compiler is not necessarily a critic or literary historian. He may be simply a manufacturer of a big octavo out of raw material, a species of literary directory maker, with whom one name serves the purpose quite as well as another. In trade, all shopkeepers are merchants; in Griswold, all versifiers are poets.

The late guardian of the news-room at the Society Library, Mr. Trappan, of estimable memory, was accustomed, as we learn from a pleasant sketch by Cornelius Mathews, to amuse his hours of summer leisure by a destructive onslaught upon every species of insect which entered the building. From the elephantine to the microscopic, he impaled them all. And duly framed and glazed, a stout pin through their backs, they graced a mahogany case, and constituted "The Natural History of the Library." What the ingenious Trappan, in his luminous field of operations, was to science, Griswold is to literature. To a minnow, he bags them all. The first faint insect buzzings are perceptible to his ear. Indeed, he is so accustomed to these gentle utterances, that it is to be feared a good genuine roar would annihilate him.

We do not pretend to say that any other man could do this kind of work better than Dr. Griswold, for we are not at all certain that anybody else could be found to do it at all.

It is but justice, however, to the editor to say, that he appears to labor under an uneasy sense of the peculiar embarrassment of his calling; writing criticisms, for instance, where there is really nothing to observe, and biographies, where there is nothing to record. He virtually admits this in his preface, but why encounter the difficulty, or seek to foist upon the world mediocrity in a volume which makes pretensions to a National character? "I be-

lieve," says the editor, "I admitted nothing inferior to passages in the most celebrated foreign works of like character." This is but a poor apology, though it has the protection of Dr. Johnson and others, who put stupid authors, to the neglect of many really great ones, in their collections. A better excuse is the difficulty of an editor with a particle of humanity or hospitality about him, making a book up from his contemporaries, and refusing any plausible comer entrance. The revision of the list must be left for posterity, and we consign it to our successors, in the hundredth volume of the Literary World, to record the process.

There are exactly one hundred male American poets according to Dr. Griswold, the females having been carefully sifted out in the present edition. These sit at the first table, and their names are entered in his octavo in small caps. There are a few others, some fifty or so "various authors," as they are called, who are huddled together at the fag-end of the entertainment, and whose names are in lower-case; small fry, we presume, whom piscator Griswold is feeding up for another edition; star dust for future planets. In Europe a nation is lucky if it have a poet in a century; we are more fortunate, for we have a century of poets. And while the old world rejoices in a Southey, a La Harpe, a Villemain, a Sismondi, a Tiraboschi, America glories in her Griswold.

The manifold editor, we speak confidently, must be aware of the fun of the thing himself, as he sits down to cut and carve a new edition of American poets; to enlarge or diminish with a clip of the scissors the area of the American Parnassus. On principles best known to himself is this thing administered. We have compared edition with edition, one puff preliminary with another puff preliminary, but have got no wiser, no nearer the secret of the operation. There appears to be in Dr. Griswold's mind a "sliding-scale" of reputation. The small author, the author *i. e.* in small type of one edition, is a great author in capitals in the next. Some are occasionally discarded; others are admitted without passing through the small type of the index. They blossom at once in full expansion. Lost pleiads are missing from the Griswold constellations, but new planets are discovered to fill the void. Cloudy nebulae (in small type) are kept in view for further operations of the telescope. For some unaccountable reason or other, unknown to the deponent, the author of "Lexington," who appears in the eighth edition, is omitted altogether from the tenth, though his claim is at least quite as good as that of many others to a distinguished place in the volume. Henry B. Hirst, Cornelius Mathews, and James T. Fields, have been discovered to be stars of a higher magnitude than formerly, and are promoted from the small type accordingly. General Morris was brevetted in a previous edition, somewhere about the sixth. But the year 1849 has developed discoveries quite out of the bounds of Dr. Griswold's system. Jedediah Huntington, William Allen Butler, J. M. Legaré, Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker, Charles G. Eastman, R. H. Stoddard, have leaped over the Freshman class and graduated at once A. B.—American Bards, in Dr. Griswold's nice little poetical University.

Such is the progress of "The Poets and Poetry of America to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century." What the next fifty years will produce we know not: but we have faith. Griswold has taught us not to despair of the Republic. To recur to our astronomical illus-

tration, we are wiser than our ancestors: we live in an age of discovery. What appeared to them mere dust and cloud in the heavens, new telescopic powers resolve into powerful suns, the centres of systems. Why should the intellectual world be behind the physical? Why may not the dim opacity of the poets' corner, as another milky-way, be resolved into Drydens, Miltons, and Shakespeares?

*Memoir of David Hale, with Selections from his Miscellaneous Writings.* By Joseph P. Thompson. John Wiley.

THOSE are not all obstructions in the path of the newspaper *littérateur*, that at first seem so. He must, indeed, write for the times—the day; but then he can choose his topic; and how immense the subjects his readers are concerned in, from which he can make a selection! Something of this great variety appears even from the meagre extracts from his writings in the work before us.

He must also write in a hurry; but haste lends spirit, if not exactness, to the pen. When a man writes with the (printer's) devil at his back, he may be said to do it on the spur of the occasion; and assuredly such a spur to the coursers of the imagination must impart a fillip to the invention very likely to exercise a most happy effect upon a paragraph. We are persuaded that men, when roused to exertion by the inexorable demand for copy, often surpass themselves to a degree as great as when inspired by wine, or the hope of office; and the next day, as they read their editorials, wonder, with their friends, whence they could possibly have come. The best thoughts are oftentimes improvisations. Nothing better has been written by the painstaker than has dropped a thousand times in easy conversation. Ideas are not always born in throes of labor.

The collected works of Mr. Hale are principally essays. We confess a liking for this pert, pretty, prankish kind of brain-work. True, it is not portly; nor does it necessarily dwindle down to an epigram, because it has not the dignity of a folio. It is a thing of reasonable capacity,—sufficient, let us say, to hold all the wit and sense and wisdom that anybody has to put into it. The sermon, review, oration, are awful tempters to prosiness and prolixity. It must be a beatitude to a dull man, to be limited in time and space. "Withhold from me the hour, deny me further room, lest I forget my reader and forget myself," should be his constant prayer. After a man has ventilated his brains for ten minutes on a common subject, he cools off, and flies for succor to quotation, which is begging,—to common-place, which is treating company with the treasures of the town-pump,—or to repetition, which is stealing from himself, or plagiarism, and that is stealing from another.

The eulogist of Mr. Hale seems to view his purchase of the Broadway Tabernacle as the crowning glory of his life. It certainly appears to have been a noble and disinterested act, though he was then, and a long time afterwards, basely twitted for it a thousand times. But the monopoly of Congregationalism, which in the same connexion is almost attributed to him, is a very singular specimen of Dombeyism, superciliously overlooking, as it does, the two societies of Unitarians now worshipping in Broadway, and long before that period quite distinctly visible in Chambers and Mercer streets.

Neutrality in politics is favorable to an editor in the conduct of his paper. The epithet,



neutral, does not mean an absence of opinion. If it does, alas for Mr. Hale; he certainly cannot wear the name, for nobody had more opinions, nor more decided ones on all subjects. He was, in fact, par excellence, opinionated. As he therefore did not sail the stormy sea of politics in squadron, he had no battles but his own to fight. Whether he had smoother navigation on that account, it is hard to say, for he was frequently in bad water. Still he secured the advantage, it is evident, of choosing or avoiding an engagement, and looking out beforehand for the weather-gage. On the other hand, in a fleet of partisans, some vessels must be always sacrificed for the benefit of the common cause.

And now, under all these circumstances, how did Mr. Hale succeed as editor? The prosperity of his paper and the book before us are the answer. The book, which is all we have to deal with, contains the proofs of considerable information conveyed in clear and simple language, without display or ornament. He loved, we believe, to unravel a perplexed subject, and simplify one that had become involved. He was happy in perspicuous statement. This is a rare faculty; for an able statement of a question is a half solution. This power of presenting matters in a lucid point of view, he was in the habit of exercising on subjects of finance and trade. Passing by his notions about trade, his papers on finance, so apt to be made intricate, are intelligible to all, sometimes sagacious and far-sighted, almost always sensible and well-considered. He had assistance in the preparation of many of the most important of them from friends among the bankers and brokers, whose contributions to the press on monetary topics are vastly greater than the public generally have any means of knowing. His discussions of these and kindred questions, we should think, from recollection, are marked with more ability than those of a religious nature, which compose the bulk of the miscellanies published.

The volume is handsomely published, and must long be valuable as a memorial of the times, its questions and opinions, its deeds and failures.

*Respiration and its Effects, more especially in its Relations to Asiatic Cholera and other Sinking Diseases.* By Emma Willard. Copyright secured. Huntington & Savage.

It may be doubted whether America has before produced a work on the Art of Medicine so utterly valueless, with so great a display of ignorance of the subject treated, or with propositions so ridiculous and nonsensical. In these respects it stands alone, surpassing, if possible, "a treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the circulation of the blood,"—and ranking in American Science as high as "Liberty," the National Epic. We will glance at it, and although

uteroque reenaso  
insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dederæ cavernæ.

we will point out some of its peculiar—not views—nonsense.

It opens after a preface evincing great knowledge of *chiar' oscuro*, by a profound apothegm, "Writers are advised by rhetoricians to choose subjects which come home to men's business and bosoms, RESPIRATION or BREATHING is of such subjects the first." We allow its truth, for it would be difficult to say that anything came home to men's bosoms oftener or generally was a more welcome guest, than their breath. In fact with many it is quite a

necessity, so much so that one would be at a loss how to get along without it.

The next section states that "the primary effects of Respiration are, first, *animal heat*; second, *circulation*; third, *digestion*; and fourth, *strength*." We are fortunately spared from a statement of the secondary effects, for "without invalidating former proofs, we are now about, she says, to offer a new argument—that Respiration operating by Animal Heat is the cause of the Circulation." This certainly is a capital joke, or at least it is stated in capitals. Poor Harvey is stripped of his laurels! But how is the circulation carried on? Don't laugh! By *steam*. This probably is the grand climax. But how—"But if some of the water of the blood springs into vapor as it comes to the lungs, then the blood in the lungs boils; and is the temperature of the lungs up to the boiling point? Yes, it is, and beyond, when the pressure of the atmosphere is taken off." How unfortunate it is for this splendid idea that were the atmospheric pressure ever taken off, the man, the teakettle experimented on, could not breathe. It is quite wonderful how our authoress thinks the lungs are inflated. But to continue: "But it, as we have now shown, steam is generated within the blood in the lungs, then is there produced by the animal heat of respiration, a motive power amply sufficient to circulate the blood." There's a theory for you. A steam engine in your breast, and what you have always supposed to be the beating of your heart, was but the "walking beam" of this infernal machine—consumption a collapse of a flue—and bronchitis the soot collected in the smoke-pipe.

"Cholera is a disease whose manifestations arise from a state of cold obstruction, which strikes directly at life."—It is cured by breathing out the bad air, and breathing in good. "If a little child were seized with this cholera coldness, I would hold it by the feet with the head downwards for one moment, and strike the back, to start the carbonic acid from the lungs."

But we will make no more quotations. The pamphlet is interlarded with names of authorities among the savans of the medical world, twisted into all sorts of shapes—with personal notes of the authoress, of her misfortunes, stating in one sentence, that when rebuffed by the learned physicians and naturalists of Europe and this country, a New York physician of elegant manners espoused her theory, and that shortly she espoused him. "But the Lord delivered me from 'the unrighteous and cruel man,' and I remain to this day a spared monument, to show the world, that a woman is, in and of herself, a unit in creation; that with two friends, her God and herself, she need never despair!"

*St. Leger, or the Threads of Life.* Putnam.

This work, printed in the best style of the publisher, has, at its first glance, a rather pretentious appearance. There is an air, even in the look of the type, its division into books, its still more formal partition into paragraphs, of an attempt at effect. And what shall we say of the entire work? It is not an essay, a metaphysical discussion, a love-story. The threads are there, but, strange to say, no clue to them. It is, nevertheless, a book of character, and will find a sympathetic response from its thinking readers—from all those who have ever essayed to solve the problem of life. The author has evidently attempted to describe the wanderings and vagaries of a

young man endeavoring to satisfy his mind in regard to all the speculations and mysticisms of the day. For this purpose he visits Germany, meets with some of the celebrated men of the day, studies their incongruities and perversities, and though wound up in theoretical webs, is still restless and dissatisfied. A narrative, at times sufficiently exciting, runs through the texture, rendering the threads a species of worsted, partly theoretical, partly biographical.

As an entire work it seems wanting in unity of design. Different spirits animate various portions. One would imagine that the iron had cooled during its formation. The interest, too, is considerably injured by the introduction of characters foreign to the general design. The author himself had this idea, for he says, "Have I digressed too much in narrating the story of Wolfgang Hegewisch?" He thinks not, though its narration occupied some fifty pages out of less than four hundred.

Then, too, there is seemingly an attempt to render this a moral and religious work, not by its general tenor, and we do not complain of that, but by numerous biblical quotations, and by frequent mention of divinity. The following passage shows what we mean:—"A true Highlander, he possessed the faults as well as the virtues of his race; one of the former was, never to forget an injury—a supposed insult was remembered even to the third and fourth generation. What a strange attribute! Whence did man derive it? Of a certainty not from God his CREATOR." Similar passages are frequent throughout the first half of the volume.

These are, however, but blemishes which show more conspicuously from the general excellence of the work. The author is evidently a gentleman of correct views, classical tastes, an original thinker, and a writer of considerable force. The characters are drawn with remarkable clearness. One seems to be really introduced and made acquainted with very clever people by various little acts, such as the minute descriptions of the diversified scenes in Scotland, Paris, Leipsic, &c.; an appearance of truthfulness is lent to the tale, which goes far towards exciting the interest. Its pages contain many little expressions which are so agreeable to those who keep common-place books, concentrated thoughts, which are not too long to be copied. We select one by chance as a specimen. "When I hear friends conversing together of 'good old times' closing their conference with 'Ah well! those were happy days, sure enough; the happiest part of our lives if we had but known it,' I feel persuaded that they have made a poor use of existence."

A continuation of this volume is evidently implied, and from the author's success in this will undoubtedly be given. The hero, whose early years are troubled by a prophecy against his house, continues to the end a prominent, but not the most interesting character, and the finis brings no solution to the traditional lines which haunt him, and as he is not married, who the hero and heroine are is a matter of uncertainty. The final sentence promises a future *dénouement*, "Come, Machlone, let us out into life."

*The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Blank Verse.* By William Cowper. Edited by Dr. Southey, LL.D. With Notes by M. A. Dwight. Putnam.

This is a republication, enriched, however, with valuable notes by the American Editor, of the original and unrevised edition of Cow-

per's translation of "The Tale of Troy Divine." The pure taste and profound judgment of Dr. Southey led him to prefer the version which Cowper composed, when his faculties were most active, and his spirit least subject to depression—indeed, in the happiest part of his life. This he thought ought not to be "superseeded by a revival or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death; not, like the first, as 'a pleasant work, an innocent luxury, the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope, and ardor, and ambition, but as a hopeless enjoyment,' a task to which he gave 'all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night, seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering, as if for the sake of alteration.'" The first edition of the earlier version was published in the year 1791, and in its preface the poet very clearly expressed his reasons for adopting most of those particulars of construction, expression, and rendering, which he afterwards changed more in deference to the opinions of others than because of his own convictions. That preface he concludes thus:—

"And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labors succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury I have enjoyed as the translator of Homer."

We cannot but believe that an author who concludes so vast a labor as the translation of the Iliad with the heartfelt feeling of regret expressed in this last paragraph, that the task is concluded, is not likely to succeed, when he undertakes in sickness and old age to improve upon the work accomplished under happier influences. Accordingly we see that so high an authority as Dr. Southey has recorded a judgment in favor of the version first made and now given in the pages before us. Pope's Iliad is universally admitted to be a beautiful poem, but it does not offer us all of Homer, nor is it all Homer's that is offered. It will undoubtedly continue to be admired by a multitude of readers so long as the language shall last. Through its well-measured, smoothly rolling, and sonorous lines, probably more minds have learned to admire the first of poets than by all other means put together.

Nevertheless, the fidelity of Cowper's version, whatever may be its faults, is incomparably greater than that of the more harmonious imitation, as it may almost be called. Heretofore, in these pages, an opinion has been expressed as to the merits of the various translations of the few who have adventured the task of rendering the Iliad into English verse; and of the kind of English vehicle in which the thoughts of the blind Bard can be conveyed with the most integrity and stateliness. In the pages referred to, however, it is proper here to say, the remarks upon Cowper's translation alluded to his revised edition, which is so unlike that first published, that they might, as Southey remarks, almost be considered different versions.

For the sake of showing the difference, we re-quote a passage already cited in the article recalled, and follow it, by the lines as they originally stood, and as they are given in Southey's and Dwight's editions. Other instances might be given where the alterations are greater, but we take this for conscience' sake.

"Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth  
Thine arm Omnipotent, o'er-ruling all,  
And thou all seeing and all-hearing sun,  
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye  
Who under earth on humankind avenge,  
Severe the guilt of violated oaths,  
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear  
Should Menelaus fall by Paris' hand,  
Be Helen and her wealth henceforth his own,  
While we shall cleave the billows back to Greece.  
Should Paris in the bloody contest yield  
His life to Menelaus, then shall Troy  
Surrender Helen with the wealth she brought,  
And pay such equitable fine besides,  
As shall be famous in all time to come,  
Which fine should Priam and his sons withhold,  
Though Paris fall, I will demand it here  
In ceaseless battle; till the whole be mine."

Cowper's Revised Ed. II. III. 324.

In the original version, the first seven lines of this invocation are the same, but the other portion is as follows:—

"Should Paris slay the hero amber-haired,  
My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth  
And Helen's self are his, and all our host  
Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance  
That Paris fall by Menelaus' hand,  
Then Troy shall render back what she detains,  
With such amercement as is meet, a sum  
To be remembered in all future times,  
Which penalty should Priam and his sons  
Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms  
I will contend for payment of the mulet  
My due, till, satisfied, I close the war."

Dwight's Ed. II. III. 337.

It appears to us that these latter lines possess a certain energy, directness, and simplicity, that are wanting in the former, and that they better accord with the style of the Greek original.

In the present edition the publisher offers a compact and elegant volume of some 600 octavo pages, to be followed in due time, we trust, by a similar one of the Odysey, as the editor conditionally promises.

#### *Bibliotheca Sacra for August and November.*

HAVING delayed our notice of these two numbers past the proper time, we will take them up together, and speak of those articles which seem of most general interest.

The first article in the August number to attract the general reader's attention is a pleasantly and quaintly-written disquisition on *Cemeteries*, ancient and modern, followed by a plea in favor of rightly selecting and decently adorning the spots wherein to take our last repose.

*On the Grammatical Structure of the Sanscrit.* This is a translated extract from a work on ancient India by Von Bohlen. It contains a concise, and perhaps as clear an exhibition as could be given in the same space, of the general structure and affiliations of this noble tongue, as well as of the labors of native and European scholars for its elucidation; although much worthy of notice has been done in this department of learning since the year 1830, the date of Von Bohlen's publication.

*The Spirituality of the Book of Job.*—This is the concluding portion of an article begun in the preceding number. We cannot imagine a higher tribute to the intrinsic value of the productions of the erudite, strong-minded, truth-loving class of German critics, against whom the polemical bitterness of Prof. Lewis, and other truly learned men of his school, is constantly poured forth, than the fact that they almost exclusively make use of and refer to the writings of these much reviled rationalists, while they rarely make more than a disdainful allusion to the lucubrations of their humble orthodox brethren. Nothing short of the proverbial power of truth over prejudice would work such a result. What is here said as to the belief of the Hebrews and other ancient nations anterior to Christ respecting a future state of existence, and of the origin of

these ideas, is well worthy of a thoughtful perusal.

*The Dependence of the Mental Powers upon the Bodily Organization.*—Prof. G. J. Chase, the deep-thinking writer whose metaphysical papers form so valuable a portion of the *Bibl. Sacra*, concludes his remarks on this deeply interesting subject with the following assertion:—"There is nothing therefore in the connexion between the spirit and the body, so far as we are able to trace it, to afford ground for the belief that the dissolution of the latter will be attended with the destruction of the former, or even with a diminution of its powers; but on the contrary it is entirely supposable, and the law of progress, so visibly inscribed not only on our own nature but upon every part of the Creator's works, would lead us to expect, that these powers will be greatly enlarged by its introduction to new and higher relations fitted to call forth energies which are now dormant."

The last portion of the contents of this number to which we will call attention is a set of *Chronological Tables* from Saul to the death of Judas Maccabeus, and from King Herod's entrance on his government to the imprisonment of Paul at Rome, taken from Winer's Dictionary of the Bible. They will be found by biblical students exceedingly useful for reference.

The first article in the November number is headed *Natural Theology*. The writer argues that "as revelation implies a revealer, it must first be known that there is a being to reveal before it can be known that anything is revealed;" consequently, natural theology must precede all other theology. The task which natural theology has to perform is, "first, to bring forward from the existing universe something which we can clearly show to be an effect; and then to show that this effect is such as to require for its producing cause all that which we include in the idea of Deity."

*The Relations of Faith and Philosophy.* An Address before the Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover Theol. Seminary.—The constantly increasing tendency of the people of this unquiet age to scout mere authority and to demand reasons for what they are called upon to believe, is a source of no little perturbation of spirit to peace and quiet loving parsons. Hence the origin of declamations like the present, with which the pulpit and the religious press are perpetually resounding.

*The Galla Language.*—A good account of the manners and language of these mysterious barbarians, who have been for ages engaged in overrunning and laying waste the country of Abyssinia. This information has been mainly derived from the patient labors of C. Tutschek, an enthusiastic young Bavarian scholar, who made such use of a few favorable opportunities which threw a few of these people in his way, as to be able to compose a grammar and dictionary of their speech, imitating the noble example set two centuries and a half ago by Ludolf in his Ethiopic researches. How many admirable opportunities of this nature have been and are suffered to pass unimproved in our own country for want of the scientific zeal that could turn them to account!

*Allen's Improved Education Table for Children, manufactured only by Edwin Allen, Windham, Conn.*; an ingenious toy, simple in construction but curiously contrived, the novelty of which is a species of block type setting of the letters of the alphabet, which may



be shifted about at will in grooves, without any possibility of leaving the plane, and teach young persons the mystery of spelling by way of amusement. It was patented May 1, 1849, and is so successful a hit that it is sold as rapidly as manufactured.

*A Universal Index*, by Marcus T. C. Gould. Tenth revised and stereotyped edition (COLLIDGE & BROTHERS). This is a commonplace book on what strikes us is the simplest and best plan—the most convenient alphabetical arrangement for reference, the initial letters with the accompanying vowels standing at the top of each page. This is independent of classification, to which, however, there are some valuable aids in the introductory letter-press. On page 14 a division of the faculties, and corresponding topics, is attributed to Jefferson, but it belongs altogether to Lord Bacon. It would be a good plan for a reader to purchase half a dozen of these books, put his own lettering on them, and appropriate each one to a particular subject.

*The Mercy Seat; being Thoughts Suggested by the Lord's Prayer*, by Gardiner Spring, D.D. (M. W. DODD). The Peace Society has gained a valuable and most forcible tract on the evils of war, in the thirteenth chapter of this book, which is entitled "A martial spirit not the spirit of Christianity." The vague plea of a defensive war is closely analysed by sound Christian texts. Of the frivolous commencements of war we have this anecdote:—"Sir W. Molesworth stated in the British Parliament, last year, that the war with the Kaffirs in Africa, which cost the British nation \$12,000,000, was occasioned by the loss of one axe and two goats, which were alleged to have been stolen by the Kaffirs."

*The Whale and his Captors; or the Whaleman's Adventures and the Whale's Biography, as gathered on the homeward cruise of the "Commodore Preble"*, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) Mr. Cheever, after an opening chapter of interesting statistics of the American whale fishery, takes us with him on his cruise, relating its various incidents with animation, and telling many a good fish story. He seems to share his brother's admiration for John Bunyan, introducing several bits of poetry into his narrative, which have the earnestness with something of the homeliness of the great allegorist. Mr. Cheever never loses a chance to "point a moral," and always does it well. The book has a better chance than many a one more bulky in size and pretending in subject, to be known all over the world, for it cannot but find its way into the chest of many a sea-smitten youth or weather-beaten tar, and be read in all latitudes. The woodcuts solve many of the perplexities of the young reader taking his first lesson in the mystery of the whale ship.

HEWET, TILLOTSON & Co. have entered upon the publication of "The American Illuminated Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels." The first part of the work so designated is before us in a royal 8vo. of 269 pages, containing *Ivanhoe* complete, and is offered for one dollar. The text is in double column of large type. The illustrations are not introduced as head and tail pieces to the chapters, as in the Edinburgh edition, but the woodcuts are printed on separate pages, on a tinted ground. It is a very readable and acceptable popular edition.

LANE & SCOTT, 200 Mulberry St., issue *The Devotional Harmonist*, a collection of sacred music edited by CHARLES DINGLEY.

It is recommended as an enlarged and more valuable book than similar preceding ones, by a Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of this city.

The 5th part of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s edition of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, Measure for Measure, with a sketch of Isabella by Wright, is now ready. Also, by the same publishers, Bulwer's Pelham, an 8vo. two-column edition.

### The Publishing Business.

THE enterprises of Publishers constitute an important feature in the history of literature. Booksellers and Publishers are the public purveyors of our literary aliment. They sustain intermediate relations between the public and authors, whose interests, next to their own, it is their province to foster and defend. The book-business of modern times has assumed an importance unknown to the days of its infancy, when the monks monopolized the *Commercium librorum*.

The profession is said to have taken its rise, indeed, even in classic times, when an extensive traffic was carried on in MSS. by the Scribes and Copyists; and to have flourished also during the Saxon era, many eminent names being on record of transcribers in the seventh and eighth centuries. Books in their present form were first invented, it is said, by Attalus, King of Pergamus, in 887.

The diffusive spread of knowledge, and the founding of monasteries, gave increased importance to this branch of commerce, although the earliest mention of a "public dealer in books" is of one Peter de Blois, who lived about 1170. He was a distinguished scholar—the craft in his day having been more remarkable for erudition than it has been in some subsequent epochs of its history. Booksellers then exercised their calling under the supervision and censorship of the Universities; and books themselves were then, moreover, rare and costly luxuries,—the prerogative of the privileged few; now they have become the common property of mankind.

During the middle ages, the booksellers were called *Stationarii* at the Universities of Paris and Bologna; but the first regularly matriculated bookseller was doubtless Faustus, for he is said to have carried his books for sale to the Monasteries in France, and elsewhere. The first bookseller, it is stated, who purchased MSS. for publication, and speculated in the enterprise, not possessing a press of his own, was John Otto of Nuremberg, who flourished in 1516. Caxton, the father of the English press, however, who lived 1471–1491, and who had twenty-four presses in his office at Westminster Abbey, doubtless issued many new and original productions at his own risk, as well as older works, and the emanations of his own pen.

The history of the publishing business, from the invention of the "divine art" to the close of the seventeenth century, is graced with a luminous train of illustrious names, as author-booksellers, whose literary attainments and critical acumen shed lustre alike on both the pursuits of author and publisher.

From the days of Caxton to the accession of James I., the press appears to have been to no inconsiderable extent devoted to the printing of classical works; this preference for the literary stores of antiquity, however, was not restricted to the English press, it prevailed to a still greater degree among the printers of Germany, Italy, and France. The labors of the Alduses, the Stephensens, and the Plantins were

thus consecrated, till at the dawn, and during the era of the Reformation, the printing of the Sacred Scriptures, in a great measure, divided the attention of the printers. The celebrated names of Wynkin de Worde, Pynson, Weir, Day, Duntton, Lintot, Tonson, and Ballard, with others, form a luminous train of illustrious bibliopoles, whose literary enterprises occupy a conspicuous feature in early literary history, for some of them contributed in no small degree to enrich numerically the estate of English literature. Wynkin de Worde, the able associate and successor of Caxton, having printed four hundred and eight distinct works, while Pynson, Day, and others, issued more than half that number each. Between the years 1474 and 1600, it has been estimated about 350 printers flourished in England and Scotland, and that the products of their several presses amounted in the aggregate to 10,000 distinct productions. At the great fire of London, in 1666, the booksellers of Paternoster Row sustained a serious loss—as heavy a calamity to them as the destruction of the Alexandrian Library was to the ancients. Dwelling in such close proximity to St. Paul's, they were accustomed to deposit large quantities of books, for their supposed greater safety, in the vaults of the Old Cathedral; these, at the time of the fire, were valued by Evelyn at £200,000.

The number of new publications issued from 1800 to 1827, exclusive of pamphlets, according to the London Catalogue, was 19,860, or an average of 600 new works per annum: in the eleven previous years 4096; and for the intervening period—1789 to 1666—it has been supposed the annual issues of new books averaged 100. This estimate is exclusive of the legion of pamphlets, which are too numerous to compute, as may safely be inferred from the fact of the 2000 volumes,—consisting of 30,000 tracts issued between 1640 and 1660, which were presented to the British Museum by George the Third.

The most potent auxiliary in the multiplication of books, since the discovery of "the divine art," has undoubtedly been the invention of the steam-press. By its economic process, the affluent resources of genius and the literary wealth of the world have been rendered universally accessible. To compute the benefits it has conferred upon the present, as well as the immunities it will convey to all subsequent times, transcends all human calculation. The Press is like the calorific nature—it over-spreads and circulates throughout the whole social system. With this numerical increase of books has been a corresponding increase of authors and readers; it has been also characterized by a prolific growth of pseudo-authorship.

True books—books that are books—are comparatively few; they are the pure gold of our literary currency, which is represented by a prodigal distribution of paper counterfeits. In 1827, a new system of cheap publications commenced,—*Constable's Miscellany*, and the issues of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," taking the lead, which were followed in 1832 by the "Penny Magazine," "Chambers's Journal," "The Family Library," "Penny Cyclopædia," &c., which last work cost something like £200,000 in its production. It has been supposed that the annual periodical issues of the British press at that time exceeded the amount of printed sheets published throughout Europe, from the period of Guttenberg's discovery to the year 1500. The weekly circulation of "Punch" alone is said to have been 300,000; and the gross

amount of magazines and other periodicals sold on "Magazine-day," in Paternoster Row, monthly, has been estimated at 500,000 copies. The annual returns of periodical works alone are estimated at £300,000.

The "Pictorial History of England," which cost its publishers, Charles Knight & Co., £50,500, was one of the liberal enterprises of the age, although inferior to many other literary speculations; like the Penny Cyclopædia, it was a great gift to the masses, who were excluded from the benefits of more expensive works. Publishers even in the days of Pope were the medium of liberal payments to authors, as Lintot's munificent payment of £5000 for the translation of Homer attests. Rees's great Cyclopædia was also produced at the cost of £300,000. Scott received for his romances something like £100,000, and Byron nearly £25,000 for his various copyrights. Henry G. Bohn's great catalogue of 300,000 volumes, comprising the most superb and extensive literary stock in existence, also exhibited the fruits of enterprise by publishers to an immense extent.

Among the more prominent publishers of costly embellished works, the names of John Boydell and John Nichols take foremost rank;—these worthies are said to have expended jointly the princely sum of £350,000 in the promotion of art. Boydell's *Shakspeare*, and Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, were among their magnificent speculations,—the former, unfortunately, subjecting its publisher to a loss of £100,000. We might also refer to the superb work of Pistoletti on the Vatican, and the numerous works of art that have been produced during the century, as evidences of the importance of the bibliographic craft. Bohn and Tegg have each made large fortunes by buying up "remainders" of editions of works, the sales of which had begun to subside: so enormous are their respective collections that their wealth in books surpasses, it is believed, even that of Longmans.

Longman & Co. are the largest publishers in the world, taking into the account the enormous amount of capital they have constantly embarked in copyrights. Moore received from this establishment £3000 for his *Lalla Rookh*, and for several years £500 per annum, on account of his *Irish Melodies*. They also pay £600 a year for ten years for Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, volumes 1 and 2.

But it is needless to specify instances of this kind. They have in their employ about two hundred persons in their establishment; and some idea may be formed of the prodigious extent of their business, from the fact that a messenger is kept constantly occupied in conveying their letters to and from the Post-office, at frequent intervals. Murray, Bentley, and Colburn, are styled the aristocratic publishers; they do not, as Longmans, sell other books as well as their own publications,—these are, however, so numerous and important, that they may be said to rank next to Longmans as to the magnitude of their pecuniary operations.

The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, are considered unrivalled for the extent and completeness of their establishment,—some five hundred persons being employed in its several departments, of type-setting, stereotyping, printing, and binding. It is impossible to ascertain the gross pecuniary amount of their operations per annum. Some idea of their prodigious extent may be inferred from the fact that for one item—the paper used for their series of cheap tracts, they paid £25,766—more than \$125,000. They also paid the

enormous sum of £40,000 merely for advertising their Cyclopædia of Literature,—proof sufficient of the prodigal liberality of their business policy. Their establishment is eleven stories high; their presses throw off 150,000 whole sheets a day. It was Robert Chambers, we believe, who recently paid out from the business, £20,000 for a country seat, without sensibly affecting its funds. This reminds us of the fact that both Longmans, Murray, Tegg, and others, have not only amassed large fortunes, they also possess splendid town and country residences, and live in a style of great affluence. It is the boast of the Chambers that they pay liberally for literary service, nor have they ever been known to print a pirated edition of any work. These enterprising brothers have done more, perhaps, than any other two individuals of the age for the promotion of sound and useful knowledge, and the cultivation of an improved standard of popular taste for reading, by their *Edinburgh Journal* and other publications; and they have accomplished all without patronage, having on their first arrival in Edinburgh some twenty years ago, been obliged to vend small pamphlets about the streets for their support.

The literary enterprises of the Continental publishers have received such interruption by the political excitements which have prevailed the past two years that we have not made any special inquiry as to their present condition. Even Dumas, like his no less fecund contemporary, James, has well nigh ceased to write or indite; and Thiers seems to prefer politics to his pen, although his *History of the Consulate of Napoleon* produced him 500,000 francs, from his publisher, Gosselin. Eugene Sue, Soulié, Lamartine, Scribe, and others, have derived princely sums from their works. Scribe for example received, it is said, in all, 2,400,000 francs for his numerous dramatic productions, and Chateaubriand 500,000 francs for his *Memoirs*, while Lamartine made his pen no less prolific of pecuniary results, although his improvidence seems to have exhausted them all. Didot, who is very rich, Galignani, and Gosselin, are among the most prominent of the publishers of Paris. There are others, however,—Baudry, the republisher of the classics bearing his name,—Masson, who issues mostly medical books,—Ballière, who has a house also in London, the publisher of medical works; also Roret, Matthias, and Bachelier, who issue chiefly works of a scientific character. Didot estimated that during the first eight months of the year 1840 the issues of the French press were 87,000 new works, 3,700 reprints, and about 4,000 translations.

Brockhaus's establishment of Leipzig is, with the exception of Chambers's, the most important and complete of its kind in Europe. Its several departments are devoted to the paper-making, type-making, stereotyping, printing, and binding; it has also apartments for the accommodation of a corps of editors—all included within the walls of the huge building. They have over 100 agents and correspondents in the various German States; Longmans, we believe, have, however, nearly double that number.

About 325 clerks and artisans are regularly engaged in this establishment; and the utmost regularity and system prevail throughout its multifarious operations. Eight steam power and 42 iron hand presses are there used, which print off 110,000 sheets of 24 pages per day; in addition to which, there are usually engaged about 36 artists and engravers on steel and wood, who likewise occupy rooms in the esta-

blishment. Brockhaus, like the Harpers, sell only their own publications. They also issue a daily paper—*Deutsch Allgem. Zeitung*. Cotta is the publisher of the works of Schiller, Goethe, and other classics; Goethe received 30,000 crowns for his copyright; and of Schiller's works, over 80,000 copies had been sold some time since.

Among the publishers of the United States Messrs. Harper & Brothers of course take the precedence; they may be indeed regarded as the most important as to the numerical extent of their operations, of any in the world. Compared with Longmans, however, their pecuniary disbursements for copyrights are doubtless far inferior,—most of the works they republish being available to their purpose gratuitously. This being the case, the numerical extent of their issues cannot be judged by those of Longmans, who embark an immense amount of capital in authorship. Another item of expense, advertising, bears a small proportion in their case to the great London firm—the charges for advertising being at least four times as much in England as they are in the United States. The Harpers pay about \$4,000 a year for advertising. The duty on paper forms also a no inconsiderable item in the estimates of the English publisher. As an instance of the relative copyright payments, we might refer to that of Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*,—Longmans pay the author \$6,000—\$30,000 for the first ten years' lease of his two volumes,—the Harpers £200—\$1,000. Still the Harpers pay by far the largest premiums for the priority of new English works, and to some of their popular American authors they have been enabled to give munificent sums. Mr. Prescott has received in the neighborhood of \$30,000; Mr. Stephens about the same; Rev. Mr. Barnes nearly as much, and Prof. Anthon more; while of Morse's *Geography*, over half a million copies have been printed. They also pay \$6,000 for the literary labor of Prof. Andrews's forthcoming *Latin Lexicon*. The Harpers are possessed of unrivalled resources and facilities. Within their own establishment, all the details and machinery of publishing are carried on, with the exception of paper making and type founding. Their extensive range of buildings, equal to six or seven five story houses, they divide into the several departments of composing rooms, stereotype foundry, press rooms, warehouses, bindery, &c. Nineteen double medium power presses, besides Napier presses, are constantly throwing off printed sheets, to the extent of some 70 reams per diem; while in the bindery 50 barrels of flour are required for making paste every year, as well as 1,200 dozen sheepskins, 750 pieces of muslin of 40 square yards each, and sixty tons of pasteboard. Over 40,000 lbs. of metal are used per annum for casting stereotype plates, of which their vaults contain about \$300,000 worth; they also have about 70,000 lbs. of various founts of type in their composing rooms. Even the cuttings from the edges of the books, in the process of binding, amount to 18 tons of shavings per annum, which are sold to the paper-makers. Their annual sales have been estimated in round numbers at 2,000,000 volumes, including pamphlets. There are attached to this establishment usually from 300 to 350 employes, in the various departments of the business, among that number about 100 being females, who fold and sew the sheets of books.

Mr. Putnam, of Broadway, bids fair to elevate the standard of bibliographic taste among



us by his numerous and splendid issues; and Messrs. Appleton deserve also the thanks of all lovers of elegant books for the beautiful style in which most of their publications are produced. Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, as well as Lea & Blanchard, are also well known as extensive publishers; and the worthy bibliopoles of our "Modern Athens" are not likely to be forgotten in a survey of the doings of the craft; but our subject seems to expand rather than diminish, as we progress with it, and we must therefore refrain from further specifications.

Before closing our sketch, we must, however, refer to the fact of a new book market which seems to have sprung up almost spontaneously into existence,—that of Cincinnati. Four or five large bookselling and publishing firms are there in full operation, for the supply of the great West. The pecuniary operations of two or three of these amount already to something like \$175,000 per annum; the names of Messrs. Derby & Co., James & Co., W. B. Smith & Co., will at once recur to the reader. Over one million per annum is said to be already devoted to this branch of western enterprise; and the amount must necessarily every year be increased.

There is one consideration that naturally recurs to the mind in reviewing the progressive advancement of literary enterprise,—it is the desirableness of an international copyright on the products of mind; let this be effected, and the rights of the author be respected, and his labor paid for wherever it is appreciated, and equity and law will in this respect at least have become equivalent terms.

F. S.

## Magnum.

### Blackwood's.

THE most memorable paper in the December *Blackwood* is De Quincey's *Vision of Sudden Death*, a curious metaphysical narrative of the feelings built up on the sense of terror awakened at night by the concussion of a mail coach at full speed with a chariot bearing a lady, the inevitable approach of the shock, the writer's own helplessness, as he witnesses it from the coach, and her probable escape, yet possible death. This sense, this fascination of danger, is repeated in the visions of the Opium Eater, through many changes and sequences of idea. Going back to childhood, he finds it again in a dream of terror, which he thus binds fast to the destiny of man.

#### CHILDHOOD'S DREAM OF TERROR.

"That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion, and, from languishing prostration in hope and vital energy, that constant sequel of lying down before him, publishes the secret frailty of human nature—reveals its deep-seated Pariah falsehood to itself—records its abyssal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is made ready for leading him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls from innocence; once again, by infinite iteration, the ancient Earth groans to God, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child; 'Nature from her seat, sighing through all her works,' again 'gives signs of woe that all is

lost;' and again the counter sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens of the endless rebellion against God. Many people think that one man, the patriarch of our race, could not in his single person execute this rebellion for all his race. Perhaps they are wrong. But, even if not, perhaps in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original act. Our English rite of 'Confirmation,' by which, in years of awakened reason, we take upon us the engagements contracted for us in our slumbering infancy;—how sublime a rite is that! The little postern gate, through which the baby in its cradle had been silently placed for a time within the glory of God's countenance, suddenly rises to the clouds as a triumphal arch, through which, with banners displayed and martial pomps, we make our second entry as crusading soldiers militant for God, by personal choice and by sacramental oath. Each man says in effect:—'Lo! I baptize myself; and that which once was sworn on my behalf, now I swear for myself.' Even so in dreams, perhaps, under some secret conflict of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the aboriginal fall."

He re-echoes this in various forms in what he terms a dream-fugue, a remarkable piece of word painting full of musical echoes. It would mar the composition to separate a portion from the rest.

### The Art-Journal.

MRS. S. C. HALL, to whom we are indebted for so many kindly contributions to the literature of the day, has a just, discriminative paper on *Children's Books*, which does honor to Miss Edgeworth as the first of all writers for the young, and to some new comers, as Andersen, with many sound general reflections.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"It is far more difficult to write for the children of the present day than it was to write for those of the past. They are, of course, the same race of beings, but differently 'got up;' they are knowledge-crammed, an undue preponderance is given to intellect—hard, dry intellect; no hymns are written that improve upon Doctor Watts's; young masters and misses in general are rather miniature men and women, than genuine 'children;' they talk of things which it is impossible they can understand; they are parrot-taught; they are alternately overworked, pampered, and exhibited. \* \* \* Some few years ago it was not only religion in starch and buckram, long-winded and fatiguing stories of prodigy children, a biography of an early saint, who, according to one writer, 'did not know the Lord until her seventh year,' and, another, who was 'converted in her sixth,'—it was not only this order of books that occasioned a paralysis of juvenile spirit and innocent joy in our nurseries, but the shelves of the domestic book-case were weighed down by scientific books, deep enough to perplex the mighty ones of Queen's College. Imagination was placed beneath an extinguisher; every toy was a science; and, as to tales of Fay or Fairy—none such were permitted to show the hem of their gossamer garments within the limits of a playground. 'Cinderella' was considered almost immoral; 'Robinson Crusoe' was banished to an island more solitary than that from which he escaped; the 'Arabian Nights' were sneered into oblivion; and if even the 'Ugly Duck' had been offered to a

publisher in those days, it would have been declined as 'dangerous' to the masters and misses of Old England."

### The Massachusetts Quarterly Review.

MR. LOWELL's paper on *Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* is in an excellent vein of observation and satire, quizzing his amusing pretensions, and doing justice to his *Natural History*. There are some pointed pages on the

#### LOSS TO IMAGINATION SINCE THE OLD TRAVELLERS.

"There have been no travellers since those included in Hakluyt and Purchas, except Martin, perhaps, who saw an inch or two into the invisible at the Orkneys. We have peripatetic lecturers, but no more travellers. Travellers' stories are no longer proverbial. We have picked nearly every apple (wormy or otherwise) from the world's tree of Knowledge, and that without an Eve to tempt us. Two or three have hitherto hung luckily beyond reach on a lofty bough shadowing the interior Africa, but there is a Doctor Bialloblotzky at this very moment pelting at them with sticks and stones. It may be only next week, and these, too, bitten by geographers and geologists, will be thrown away. We wish no harm to this worthy Slavonian, but his name is irresistibly suggestive of boiled lobster, and some of the natives are not so choice in their animal food.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The journals of the elder navigators are prose Odysseys. The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. Their world was a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which Thor strove to drain. Ours would scarce quench the small thirst of a bee. No modern voyager brings back the magical foundation stones of a Tempest. No Marco Polo, traversing the desert beyond the city of Lok, would tell of things able to inspire the mind of Milton with

"Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two thirds of even the upper-world were yet untraversed and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveller our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully-pictured notes of the Possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbrous coin of the actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished? Does California vie with Eldorado, or are Bruce's Abyssinian Kings a set-off for Prester John? A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. And if the philosophers have not even yet been able to agree whether the world has any existence independent of ourselves, how do we not gain a loss in every addition to the catalogue of *Vulgar Errors*? Where are the fishes which nidificated in trees? Where the monopodes sheltering themselves from the sun beneath their single umbrella-like foot, umbrella-like in everything but the fatal necessity of being borrowed? Where the Acephali, with whom Herodotus, in a kind of ecstasy, wound up his climax of men with abnormal top-pieces? Where the Roc whose eggs are possibly boulders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? Where the tails of the Britons? Where the no legs of the bird of Paradise? Where the Unicorn with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the fountain of Youth? Where that Thessalian spring which,

without cost to the county, convicted and punished perjurers? Where the Amazons of Orellana? All these, and a thousand other varieties, we have lost, and have got nothing instead of them. And those who have robbed us of them have stolen that which not enriches themselves. It is so much wealth cast into the sea beyond all approach of diving bells. We owe no thanks to Mr. J. E. Worcester, whose Geography we studied enforcedly at school. Yet even he had his relents, and in some softer moment vouchsafed us a fine, inspiring print of the Maelstrom, answerable to the twenty-four mile diameter of its suction. Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Our youth are no longer ingenious, as indeed no ingenuity is demanded of them. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The Mysterious bounds nothing now on the North, South, East, or West. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it."

#### Sartain's Union Magazine.

MRS. KIRKLAND notices the change which has come over John Bull on the subject of emigration, and makes some home capital out of it:—

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BUSH-LIFE.

"England seems learning, in a new and unexpected way, to sympathize with the United States. She has looked upon the rapid settlement of our new western country, as from a far height of civilization, holding up dainty hands at the idea of such rudeness of manners, and considering our whole country as tinged—as indeed it is—by certain results of the growth and activity of the West. But lately her turn has come. She is now sending not only her convicts, but her younger sons, her too-active reformers, her senegresses, and her youth of more nerve than fortune, to people her distant islands; to hunt wild asses, and to tame kangaroos. Then, like a good mother as she is, spreading her wings for the protection of her brood, she begins to tell us what a fine manly thing emigration is, how much better it is for young men—and young women, too,—to brave the disagreeableness of bush-life, than to remain idle and effeminate, and unprovided for at home. Two of the most striking fictions of the day (not to speak of inferior specimens), the one to which we have alluded, and another—a poem in hexameters—called 'The Bothy of Toper-na-Fuosich,'—send their heroes to Australia, with a heartiness of approval which makes light of the roughness of life in the wilderness, and seems for the time to find the boasted civilization of the mother country rather sickly and feverish by comparison. This is charming! It foretells some diminution of national prejudice; for whatever may be the feelings cherished by London and Liverpool towards New York and Boston, a brotherhood will surely spring up between Australia and the wide West; nor will home influence on either side be able to counteract the sympathy which common toils, privations, customs, hopes, naturally originate. The Bushman of Australia is essentially the same being with the western settler."

Miss Martineau's Ambleside papers open well, with a rich promise of description and incident of the Lake Scenery. Here is a bit—a January sketch:—

#### WINTER WALK AT AMBLESIDE.

"On going forth, the first thing that strikes

the stranger's eye is probably the great abundance of evergreens. To me, the wintry aspect of the country is almost annihilated in the neighborhood of dwellings, by the clustering and shining of the evergreens. The hollies in the hedges are tall and tree-like; and near the breakfast-room windows of their houses, the inhabitants plant a holly, to be an aviary in winter, when birds come flitting about for the sake of the berries. Then the approaches are hedged in with laurels; the laurestine is in full flower on the lawns; the houses and walls are half covered with ivy; and wherever, along the road, a garden wall stretches away, it runs over with evergreens, which shake off the snow as the breeze passes over them. Well, we go down the road to the toll-bar, where the good woman lives who likes her calling so well that she has no wish to leave her gate to see the world. She saw the world one afternoon for four hours, when her employer sent her to Bowness for a frolic; and she got so tired and dull that she was glad to see her toll-house again, and declared she would never more go pleasuring. I was in the boat with her that day—a packet-boat steered by Professor Wilson, who had his friend Dr. Blair with him. The contrast of the three faces was curious,—the forlorn dulness of the woman, who looks the picture of content when taking toll,—the abstraction of the philological Dr. Blair, and the keen, observing, and enjoying countenance of Christopher North! Just through the toll-bar, lies Waterhead, a cluster of houses on the northern margin of the lake, the prettiest of which is the low cottage under the mazy sycamores, with its grass-plat spreading into the waters—the cottage where I lived while my house was building. Passing behind this cottage, the road winds somewhat inland, leaving space for a meadow between it and the lake, till it passes the Roman camp before mentioned. Then on the right we see, across a field, and almost hidden among evergreens, the cottage of poor Hartley Coleridge's tutor, the singular old clergyman who died at upwards of eighty, without a will, as if summoned untimely! Then we pass the beautiful house and most flowery garden of a Quaker friend of mine,—a place which seems in all weathers to look as cheerful as its benevolent master. In my early walk, before it is light in the winter morning, I choose this direction in February, because in a copse of my Quaker friend's which overhangs the road, there is always a more glorious tumult of singing-birds than in any other spot I know. To hear those birds on the one hand, and the gush of the rapid Rotha on the other, when the day is breaking over the waters, is enough to enliven the whole succeeding winter day. \* \* \* Our road now skirts the Rotha, a stream too clear to fish in, except after heavy rains. There is no beguiling the trout in water as translucent as the air. We do not now cross the little Millar Bridge, by which I am wont to go almost daily to Fox How; but we walk on to Fox How, through whose birch copse we have to pass. Every one knows that Fox How is the abode so beloved by Dr. Arnold—the house he built, and the garden he laid out to be the retreat of his old age. The trees that he planted spread and flourish, his house is almost covered with roses and climbing plants, his younger children are growing up there, and his friends assemble in his home; but he has long been gone. \* \* \* We now see the recess of Fairfield, its whole *cul-de-sac*, finely, unless mists are filling the basin, and curling about the ridges; and Rydal Forest stretches boldly up to the snow line.

Lady Le Fleming's large, staring, yellow mansion is a blemish in the glorious view; but a little way back, we saw near it what puts all great mansions out of our heads,—Wordsworth's cottage, a little way up the lower slope of Nab Scar—the blunt end of the Fairfield horseshoe."

The sentence in the above passage respecting the "singing birds" in "My Quaker Friend's Copse," is to be taken, we presume, as a bit of fancy. It would seem to convey the pleasing intelligence that Miss Martineau has recovered her long departed hearing; if, indeed, birds are ever found to sing "in glorious tumult" in the month of January in that region.

### Original Poetry.

#### A RETROSPECT OF 1849.

THERE is a solemn peal of midnight bells,  
Heard from the distant horologe of Time,  
That marks the closing year, and sadly tells,  
With sullen roar, its darkened deeds of crime;  
In what a mournful but expressive chime,  
Drearer than monotone, shall it bewail  
The twelvemonth newly gone; what "Runie  
rhyme"

Shall it employ to give the tragic tale  
Of all its scenes of blood and terror to the gale!

How shall it toll of India's thousands slain,  
"India is quiet," says the Morning Post,  
"The last dispatches tell of order's reign,"—  
"Order," that Selkirk found upon the coast  
Of the lone island where his bark was lost—  
"Order," such as the Sacred Record saith  
Reigned in the tents of the Assyrian host,  
When touched by the dread Angel's blighting  
breath,  
The proud exulting foe lay hushed in stony death.

Oh, mother country! home of all the arts,  
Seat of all wisdom, justice, learning, grace,  
A brave example your career imparts,  
The transatlantic offshoot of your race,  
For when the triumphs of your arms we trace,  
From proud Benares to Moulton, we may know  
How Christian nations may despoil, deface  
The fairest cities of a heathen foe,  
If costly gems and gold reward them as they go.

Sweet lady, thou that wear'st the coronet  
Of England's sovereignty, we call thy name  
In kindness: let no pillaged pearls be set  
Among thy jewels—let thy gentle fame  
Be all unmixed with memories of shame.  
LIFT UP THE IRISH PEOPLE, MAKE IT KNOWN  
A QUEEN CAN ANSWER NATURE'S LAST ACCLAIM,  
And the bright emerald on thy brow that shone  
Shall flash as never flashed the Ko-hi-noor's rich  
stone!

But in this hurried retrospective glance  
Which we would take of the departing year,  
How shall we blush for the Republic, France,  
That she among the spoilers should appear!  
Who has not shed the sympathizing tear  
For Freedom stifled in RIENZI's home,  
That men who boast their liberty should rear  
Their frowning guns to shatter arch and dome  
Upon the sacred hills of everlasting Rome?

And Kossuth, valiant leader of the brave,  
How have we read the story of thy fall,  
What though the Austrian ensign yet may wave  
Its crimsoned folds o'er Brescia's prostrate wall—  
The Grecian maids that decked the coronal  
With laurel fresh and fragrant for the free,  
Who rushed to victory at their country's call,  
Where classic "Marathon looks on the sea,"  
No brighter garland wove than we would twine  
for thee!

Yet are there others that deserve the wreath.  
Venice! thy sons, who in the hour of dread  
Drew forth the blade and threw away the sheath,



While starving women cried aloud for bread:  
 Could Harrow render back its noble dead,  
 The Poet-hero, whose resounding line  
 Once mourned thy fallen state, thy grandeur fled,  
 Inspired by this new "tale of Troy divine,"  
 Should lift, to hymn thy praise, a statelier ode  
 than mine!

And what of young Columbia, Freedom's child—  
 What crime of hers is borne upon the breeze?  
 The we-tern "Pallas armed and undefiled,"  
 Is she yet stainless upon land and seas?  
 Yes! she obeys the Almighty's high decrees,  
 And grows abundantly beneath his care,  
 Like the great monarch of the Indian trees,  
 That spreads its props abroad, its weight to share,  
 And sends its branches high into the topmost air.

Still a fell spirit is abroad to-day,  
 A blind fanaticism, which would wage  
 A war upon her rule; and cast away  
 The glorious promise of maturer age—  
 Forbear, rash zealots, your ignoble rage,  
 For he whose folly brings Disunion's train  
 Shall stand upon a future Gibbon's page  
 The Erostratus of a loftier fane,  
 Than Earth, throughout all time, shall ever see  
 again!

J. R. THOMPSON.

Richmond, Va.

#### THE PLACE WHERE HE LAID.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE MESSIAS."

He walked in the cool green shadow,  
 And paused on the mountain-top,  
 He thought of the poisoned arrows  
 Of sin, and its bitter drop.

He gazed on the Mount Moriah,  
 Its temple and glittering dome,  
 Birds stirred in their nests 'mid the stillness,  
 But He was without a home!

He gazed on the silent city,  
 And the Kedron's brook below,  
 The moon threw a gleam, like silver,  
 Along all its gentle flow.

His temples, so wan and weary!  
 He leaned in the cedar shade—  
 Fresh airs, o'er the hill-side winging,  
 Their touch on His eyelids laid.

Then midnight voices whispered,  
 As winds through the Balsams roam,  
 An angel came, bending near Him,  
 With cheer from the Father's home.

A couch he would fain prepare for  
 His Lord, in the Olive-glade,  
 Of moss, from the pleasant valley,  
 In the scented Cedar's shade.

But light reillumed those glances  
 So nearly spent, and dim  
 With watching, and toil, and sorrow,  
 By the winepress's crimson rim.

And He trod it, with might resistless,  
 Alone, in unearthly shade;  
 And mortals a couch made ready,  
 The couch where Immanuel laid!

EMILY HERRMANN.

#### Geographical and Ethnological

Considerations from Lt. Maury's Recent Papers on  
 Communication with the Pacific.

##### LONGITUDINAL RIVERS.

A RIVER that runs east or west crosses no parallels of latitude, consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate, and, being in the same climate, the crops that are cultivated at its mouth are grown also at its sources, and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions: it is all wheat and corn, or wine, or oil, or some other

staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce which such a river brings down to market.

On the other hand, a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude; changes its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees every day new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, some of which some one or another of the different nations of the earth is sure to want, and for which each one will send to the markets at its mouth, or the port whence they are distributed over the world. The assortments of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity, and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

##### THE INTERTROPICAL SEA.

But the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea—call them the intertropical sea of America, for they are in fact but one sea—are supported by the most magnificent system of river basins in the world, and the grandest back country on the face of the earth. The rivers which empty into this American sea drain more back country than do all the seas of Europe; and they drain more climates than do all the other rivers which empty into any one of the three great oceans.

This intertropical sea is the receptacle and outlet for all the variety of produce that is known to the climates and soils of seventy degrees of latitude. (I am considering the Amazon as tributary to the Caribbean Sea, and will show it so to be.) The back country which supports and supplies with the elements of commerce this sea of ours, extends from 20° south to 50° north. The land within this region is fruitful beyond measure; it includes all the producing latitudes on the face of God's footstool, and every variety of production, except tea and a few spices, that the three grand kingdoms of nature afford, is to be found here in the greatest perfection, profusion, and abundance. Coal measures without limit; mountains of iron; the best silver and the richest copper mines, and all the materials of mineral wealth, abound in this region as they do nowhere else. Nor is the vegetable kingdom less prolific or beautiful. The finest of wheat, the best of fruits, corn without measure, hemp, cotton, rice, sugar, wine, oil, indigo, coffee, and India-rubber, tobacco and timber, dye stuffs, and the finest of woods, are all to be found in this magnificent system of basins in vast quantities and in great beauty and perfection.

Nor are the supplies from the animal kingdom on a scale less grand. Everything that island or mountain, sea-shore or inland basin, plains and pampas, tierras templadas or tierras calientes, can produce, is brought down to enrich this great cornucopia of commerce. It occupies a geographical position that makes it the commercial centre of the sea; and on account of this very position it possesses advantages which no other part of the wide ocean has ever enjoyed. It is between two hemispheres. It has a continent to the north and a continent to the south. When it is seed time on one side of it, it is harvest time on the other; and there will be, when its back country is settled up, a perpetual delivery of crops in its markets.

With Europe to the east and Asia to the west, it is midway between the two parts of the Old World, and it stands on an eminence in navigation and commerce which places all parts of the earth at its feet, and from which

it may be made to send its surplus produce down the currents of the ocean or before the winds of heaven, to the people of every city and clime who are to be found on the sea-shore.

##### OCEAN CURRENTS AND WINDS.

An ocean current sweeps past the mouth of the Amazon into the Caribbean Sea, and makes that river discharge there. This current runs thence through the Yucatan pass; rushes by the Balize, and, dashing along at the rate of four miles the hour, whirls through the straits of Florida and enters the Atlantic Ocean in the shape of the benignant Gulf stream, which tempers with its warmth the climates of Europe, and bears along thence the surplus produce that is delivered to it from this magnificent system of American rivers and river basins. On the other side, this intertropical sea is separated by a narrow strip of land from the Pacific Ocean, across which a good thoroughfare is required in order to place this cornucopia of the world practically and commercially where it is geographically, viz. midway between Europe and Asia.

From this proposed opening, the trade-winds of the Pacific blow from the eastward to the westward, and extend entirely across that ocean. They blow with wonderful regularity, steadiness, and constancy. In "running down the trades" the mariner enjoys the most beautiful navigation. Without care for his safety he sails before them day after day, for weeks together, never once touching a brace or handling a sail. In them the sea is always smooth, the weather fine, and the climate delicious. Gales of wind are unknown, and life there becomes so delightful to the sailor, that, with nothing to do, he congratulates himself in mere wantonness with the remark that "it is well all parts of the sea had not been so, else his mother would have been a sailor."

The trade winds embrace a belt of ocean about fifty degrees of latitude in breadth, extending from twenty-five or thirty degrees north to twenty-five or thirty degrees south. An ordinary sailer, in running them down, will average, day after day, two hundred miles. She counts upon them with as much certainty as the flatboat-man counts upon the downward current of the Mississippi river. To the north of the equator they blow from the north-east; to the south of it they blow from the south-east. From these winds the Pacific takes its name. The "keels," "broad horns," and rafts which come down the Mississippi might navigate the trade wind region—opposite to the middle of which is the Caribbean Sea—with as much safety as they can descend the river. Open boats, yawls, have been known to sail thousands of miles before them across that ocean. So smooth and exempt from storms is it where these winds prevail, that much of the coasting trade of Peru is carried on by "catamarans," or "balsas." These "balsas" are nothing more than a few light logs tied together; in other words, they are a Mississippi raft, with a pole stuck down between two of the logs, to which a sail is tied. Piling their produce in sacks or bales on these logs, the Peruvians stand boldly out to sea, and perform sea voyages of considerable duration.

It is not overdrawing the picture to add, that, with a ship canal across the Isthmus, the raft which comes down the Mississippi river or the boat for navigating the Illinois canal might, on arriving at New Orleans and not finding a market there, stick up a pole for a mast, and, setting sail, go to the Sandwich Islands or Manilla, and perhaps to China.

Getting through the Gulf to the canal across the Isthmus would be the most difficult and dangerous part of the voyage.

*To be Continued.*

## The Fine Arts.

*(From a Correspondent.)*

AN occasional visit to Philadelphia should be prescribed to New Yorkers generally, as a kind of sedative, the whole machinery of business and of life goes on there in such contrast to the high-pressure principle which prevails here. The quiet aspect of the city as you approach it, the respectful demeanor of the cabmen, who, instead of rushing on the unwary traveller like a banditti, wait to have their services required; the never-ending rows of white steps, outside shutters, and inside blinds; the air of decorum and respectability that pervades the whole city, its formality and rectangularity, all strike the New Yorkers as something quite foreign, and after the confusion, the whirl, "the hum, the shock of men" here, the contrast is, for two or three days, very agreeable.

Christmas in Philadelphia is universally observed as a holiday, while New Year's day is less regarded. I left our beloved city a few days ago to pass this festival there, and if the pleasant impressions I have brought away are worth recording, here they are. On going down Chestnut street, the first new feature that struck me was quite an imposing structure of brown free-stone, adorned with every variety of flags, an immense stained glass lantern, and a most enticing bill of attractions, such as mammoth babies, fat boys, a man born without arms, &c. This was Barnum's Museum. Two or three companies had failed to succeed with it, but the indefatigable Barnum, who understands human nature better, took it in hand, and, to judge by its outward symbols, it is eminently prosperous. Was it he who advertised for exhibition the identical serpent that beguiled Eve, adding at the same time that the account had been considered by some persons as *paregorical*?

I visited Brackett's studio, who has recently left Boston and comes to reside in Philadelphia. He has just finished a beautiful model of a remarkably fine head, that of young Boker the poet, which he is about to execute in marble. The model and the original are strikingly like Byron, or as Byron would have been spiritualized. Brackett has also, in plaster, a group which he calls *The Wreck*. It is a nude, recumbent female figure, clasping an infant to her side, apparently thrown by the last wave among the rocks where she lies, and over which her long hair streams in most expressive folds. The repose and helplessness of death, the maternal love that was stronger than death, the calm beauty of the face, and the exquisite contour and grace of the figure, render it one of the finest compositions that have been produced in American sculpture. I saw several miniatures by Cushman, who, in expression, coloring, and delicacy of finish, approaches Malbone more nearly than any native artist. It is greatly to be regretted that he does not devote himself exclusively to this branch of art.

At the house of Mr. Hagadorn, the Bavarian Consul, I saw the *Fisher Boy*, Steinhauser's last work. It represents a youth leaning over the rocks in a somewhat difficult posture, which the artist, however, has managed with great skill, his rod in hand, and evidently on the point of having "a glorious nibble." The life and expectation expressed in every muscle is really astonishing. The *Agnus Dei* is another

work of the same artist, representing the infant Saviour standing upon the coiled serpent. The whole figure is instinct, not with life only, but with divinity. Mr. Hagadorn showed me a portrait of this distinguished sculptor. He has noble features and eyes of unfathomable depth. I was surprised to learn that he is only about thirty years of age. I saw a Madonna and Child, painted by his wife, a picture of great beauty and of great merit. But the most beautiful of all Steinhauser's creations is his *Hero and Leander*, which the Academy has recently purchased. For the sentiment, it might as well have been called *Cupid and Psyche*. The lover is just landed, the surf is washing the sand at his feet; he is seated on the rocks beside her, gazing into her eyes with that adoration that is as yet unmingled with passion, while she, with one arm encircling his head and one clasping his hand, is the very personification of the *Psyche* or the celestial love of the Greeks. Never was the Poetry, the divinity of Love, more exquisitely represented; never have I seen a work of art so inexpressibly beautiful.

The Academy has been rebuilt, and the rooms are far more spacious and elegant than those of the old building.

## Musical.

THE only novelty which we have to notice at the Italian Opera House is the reappearance of Signorina Truffi. On Friday last she made her debut in *Ernani*, supported by Forti and Beneventano, in place of Benedetti and Rosi, by whom the parts of Ernani and Silvio were played during the last season. Signorina Truffi was enthusiastically received by a very large audience. She looked and played the well known part of Elvira with great success. We have not much change to note in the quality of her voice, which remains about the same as last year. The warmth of her reception was a gratifying event, as showing the sympathy of the public mind towards an artiste from whose exertions so much pleasure has been derived. Forti made a favorable impression as Ernani, though he delivered his music with a little less vehemence than we have been accustomed to hear in that character. The change of Beneventano for Rosi we cannot, however, consider as an improvement in the cast, the sound voice and artistic execution of the latter gentleman being very imperfectly replaced by the elaborate over-acting and uncultivated organ of Signor Beneventano. The choruses were very good, and the whole opera appeared to give great satisfaction to the audience.

Signa Truffi has since appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, a character that she has made her own, on these boards, and, we are happy to state, still receives flattering proofs of the high place she still holds in public estimation.

## The Drama.

THE production of an historical play on a basis of American history should not, if it is executed with any degree of skill or ability, be allowed to pass unnoticed.

It is this which makes the first appeal on behalf of what was lately announced at the Broadway Theatre as "*WALTER RAYMOND*, a Romantic Play in Three Acts," and charged to be written by one of the most distinguished of our female poets. The particular period selected for a groundwork is that of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia at the close of the 17th

century. A good deal of skill is shown in the relation and contrast of character. The part allotted to Mr. Murdoch is well-measured for and was well rendered in his peculiar style; and in language more than one passage is gracefully worded, and sometimes rises into musical and eloquent declamation. Unity of purpose and the proper sequence of incidents and events seems not to have been as carefully considered by the author as this particular species of composition requires. The materials are not as thoroughly fused and closely blended as they should be in an entertainment, which is, and must be, if successful, essentially one in its effect upon the audience—however diverse and seemingly contradictory its elements. The play was well received by an attentive audience, and if really from the pen to which it has been ascribed, is no inconsiderable addition to the many honors already achieved by the fair writer.

At the same theatre, we have had, in succession, for the past week, Miss CUSHMAN, returned from Boston—where her reception, although in point of numbers decidedly successful, in point of criticism partook strongly of the hot-and-cold which is sometimes considered a characteristic of Boston Journalism. In New York she is well received again, and is playing her round of well known parts with the spirit, energy, and mature judgment, which we acknowledged in our previous notices of her performances.

The "*Meg Merrilies*" on which we dwelt before with so much satisfaction, as a triumphant achievement of personation and stage-art, still stands out the tower and stronghold of the engagement. It is the intention of Miss Cushman, we understand, to present some novelties before she leaves us, at least to appear in several characters which she has not performed since her return from England.

## What is Talked About.

—A *STRONG argumentum ad verecundiam* to the American public in behalf of an International Copyright Law is involved in an appeal in favor of the Rev. Dr. Dick, of Scotland, made by Elihu Burritt, of Worcester, Mass. It appears that this venerable writer, to whom American readers have been so much indebted for his popular works on astronomy and other topics, is now nearly eighty years old, and having disposed of the copyright of his works for very small sums, is in a condition of severe want. Mr. Burritt suggests a testimony from American booksellers; but American readers are under quite as great an obligation, since the former enjoyed no protection in their republications, and sold the editions at uncopyrighted prices. We are wrong in throwing the burden of these evils on the book-publishers, who frequently suffer with the author from the present insecurity of the trade. But, come the fact whence it will, it is melancholy to reflect that an author of age and literary standing, to whom America has been indebted for a quarter of a century, should have that asked for him in the name of charity which he was entitled to demand loudly in the name of justice. A few young workmen of Boston, we see it stated, sent out \$60 by the last steamer, in answer to Mr. Burritt's appeal. Contributions are received by Mr. B., at Worcester, by Munroe & Co., Washington st., Boston, or they may be forwarded directly to Dr. Dick, whose address is "Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland."

—The Lawrence Scientific School, a branch of Harvard University, endowed by Hon. Abbott Lawrence, has been organized at



Cambridge. A suitable building has been erected. The studies contemplated are Chemistry, under Prof. Horsford; Zoology and Geology, under Prof. Agassiz; Engineering, under Prof. Eustis; Botany, under Prof. Gray; Experimental Philosophy, under Prof. Love-ling; Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, under Prof. Wyman; Astronomy, under Prof. Bond; and Mathematics, under Prof. Pierce. Candidates for admission must be eighteen years of age, and may pursue one or more branches. Agassiz lectures and gets up excursions with the students to Nahant, Mount Auburn, etc., in the pursuit of Natural History. The other studies are pursued with equal zeal, and all the resources of the University.

—A letter from a correspondent in California assures us of the truth of the newspaper marvels of the great bubble, of the rapid changes of prices, the scarcity of materials, the necessities of the people, and other elements of the most extraordinary speculation of the age. Every one on the spot prophesies the bursting, but every one goes on, whether he will or no, in accordance with the system. In the history of bubbles, the latest is destined to be the most magnificent of the whole. Yet probably there is not a single condition which political economy (with a little assistance from rural philosophy) could not have exactly foretold. Leaving the trading facts to regulate themselves, we gather from our correspondent's letter an item or two on the physical geography of the country. Of the general appearance of San Francisco the writer says:—"I took a sail in a skiff some days since around the bay, and among the islands that lie facing the town, and I was astonished, though a resident on the spot, at this view of its growth since I last saw it from a similar situation two and a half months since, on the deck of the Peytona. It has at least quadrupled since then. The islands, like the country around, are sterile, covered only with small bushes and stunted live oak. I walked the country round when I first arrived for some miles, and found nothing like cultivation or arable land of any sort. It is picturesque, and that is all. The country adjacent is very hilly, and the bay, from the tops of the hills—for so large a bay—looks well; but it is more like an island sea than a bay, the fog seldom allowing you a sight of the opposite coast, as you overlook the islands, all being lost in mist beyond. You will have as good an idea generally of the harbor of San Francisco as I can give you, by looking towards the ocean from Coney Island beach. . . . I have seen some beautiful specimens of gold lately, one in particular, that weighed 4lbs. Troy, gold and quartz veined. About 75 per cent. was pure gold, and the rest beautiful white opake quartz. Most of the mingled specimens are with discolored quartz. I also saw one specimen of pure gold, 2lbs. Troy, and dozens from 5 oz. to 1lb. The most beautiful is that in small scales from the far North Fork. It is very brilliant, and uniform in size, that of the head of a pin, flattened, and is fresher and brighter looking than any, save that of the Juba river, which is more irregular. I have seen but few geological specimens, save of gold, since I have been here, one or two of the quicksilver ore, and they were all."

—Charles Dickens has just presided at an annual dinner of the News-Venders' Association of London, and made one of his usual capital speeches for the occasion. It is a charitable society, the members, of which, if they fall into want, draw upon the funds to which they have themselves contributed, and

only members are eligible as permanent pensioners—a feature which Dickens wisely urged as maintaining, even in extremity, a sense of personal independence. "The claims of the news-venders," he urged, "as a body upon one another, and upon the public, to erect a provident institution of their own, and to elevate themselves, and those they employed, in the social scale, seemed to be most undeniable. It was not that they toiled in all weathers—it was not that they were up early and late—that they were watching whilst others slept—that they ministered at our doors daily throughout the year—although this was much, for which we owed them a debt of gratitude—it was not for this that they inherited this claim, but it was, because they were connected with that great power which had become the axis upon which the moral world turned round [cheers]—humbly connected, perhaps, they were, but usefully and inseparably, to that fountain of knowledge to all men, which was popularly called the press, and to that institution they were as conduits to a well of water, or what the pipes beneath the streets of this city were to the great gas-works from which the lights proceeded which turned our night into day. It was, that they went for ever between us and those mighty engines which, working night by night, and all night long, were felt in their faintest throb throughout the civilized world [cheers]. It was, that those men should be in a high degree worthy of their trade, and should not be behind the members of any other industrious calling, but should be upon a level with the foremost. It was not more than 250 years since the very first idea of a newspaper was conceived in this island, to stimulate the people to resist the Spanish Armada. It was not 200 years since the first notion of a regular newspaper, in anything like the present form, was reduced to practice. One hundred and fifty years ago there did not appear to have been a single daily paper in England, and ten years later only one. When he compared such a state of things with that now existing, he felt as if the humble men connected with the vending of news ought to be in advance of those times in the same proportionate degree as the newspapers they dealt in, and that they ought to take their stand upon the footing of their useful trade, and be as much recognised and respected in that trade as the paper maker or the printer [hear]."

—A discovery of an antique statue of great merit has lately made quite a sensation in Rome. It is of an athlete, standing, holding the "strigil" in his left hand with which he polishes the skin of his extended right arm. The correspondent of the *Times* notices its strict fidelity to nature in muscular development—"The head," he says, "is a little less than the regular proportion, and in that respect only comes within the class of the *beau ideal*; but the brow covers the eye well, the short upper lip is full of resolution, the general expression is one of calm and smiling determination, and the snake head of the pugilist is instantly recognised. The foot is ungracefully long, though it is sculptured with the minutest care, and the calf is diminished in proportion to the length of the foot,—an anatomical truth." Signor Canina, who directed the exploration, declares it, says the *Giornale di Roma*, the work of Polycleetus Sicionicus, or of Lysippus, artists who produced similar subjects, as described in the 34th book of Pliny's Natural History; and it is even supposed to be the identical statue by the latter, which so pleased Tiberius that the Emperor caused it to be transported from the baths

of Agrippa to his own. The statue was found in the Trastevere portion of the city, in the same neighborhood where, some months since, the mutilated remains of an antique bronze horse were discovered.

—Ebenezer Elliott, "the corn law rhymers," died on the 1st December, at Argill Hill, near Barnsley, England. "His illness," says the Examiner, "had continued, more or less severe, for many months; yet up to the last few weeks, his powers of mind were active and clear—so much so, that he was engaged in correcting for the press an enlarged edition of his works, now publishing by Mr. Fox. Some of his sweetest lyrical effusions have been the production of this period of bodily affliction. He has left a wife, five sons, and two daughters."

Be wondrous wary of your first comportments; get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards: for 'tis like the Venice-glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together (as you are doing now); they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. Fire said, Where you see smoke, there you shall find me. Water said, Where you see marsh, and moorish low ground, there you shall find me. But Fame said, Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again: there's no retrieving of me. —HOWELL'S *Familiar Letters*, 1634.

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL Novelties are forthcoming in London. Punch furnishes one of them in "Mr. Pips his Diary," by Mr. Percival Leigh, which is to be published in a separate volume, with Doyle's Sketches, "Manners and Customs of ye Englishe." There are to be two new periodicals edited by ladies: "The Morning Call," by Mrs. Ellis, and "The Ladies' Companion," by Mrs. Landon. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Author of "Howard and the Prison World of Europe," is about to publish "The Prisons of London," a series of papers which originally appeared in the *Daily News*. Bentley announces for December, "The Pillars of Hercules," or, A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1848, by David Urquhart, Esq., M.P.; "Kings Cope," by the Author of Margaret Capel; a new edition of Leigh Hunt's "Sir Ralph Esher."

The late Mr. Charles Heath's Copyrights and remainders have been sold at auction. The plates and copyright of Mr. James's Book of the Passions were purchased by W. G. Bohn, for £170, and Sir E. B. Lytton's *Leila*, or the Siege of Granada, with about 400 copies of the work, fell to Mr. Darling for £230.—*Lit. Gaz.*

## LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM DEC. 22 TO JAN. 5.

- Allcott (Wm. A.)—Letters to a Sister; or, Woman's Mission. 12mo. pp. 307. (Buffalo: G. H. Derby.)  
 Allen's Improved Educational Table for Children.  
 Atwood (Rev. A.)—The Young Man's Way to Intelligence, Respectability, Honor, and Usefulness. 12mo. pp. 188. (Phila.: J. W. Moore.)  
 Balch (Wm. S.)—Ireland, as I saw it, the Character, Condition, and Prospects of the People. 12mo. pp. 432 (G. P. Putnam).  
 Battle Summer; being Transcripts from Personal Observations in Paris during the year 1848. By Ik. Marvel. 12mo. pp. 289 (Baker & Scribner).  
 Bulwer (E. L.)—Pelham. 8vo. pp. 117. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)  
 Clavers (Mrs. Mary).—New Home, Who'll follow; or, Glimpses of Western Life. 4th ed. Illust. by Darley. 12mo. pp. 233 (G. S. Francis & Co.)  
 Felton (C. C.)—The Birds of Aristophanes, with Notes, and a Metrical Table. 12mo. pp. 228. (Cambridge: John Bartlett).  
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 Lowell (J. R.)—Poems. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 251, 254. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields; Putnam, N. Y.)  
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 Osgood (Mrs. F. S.)—Poems. Illustrated by Huntington, Darley, Rositter, Cushman, and others. 8vo. pp. 406 (Philadelphia: Carey & Hart).  
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 Southey (R.)—Life and Correspondence of. Edited by his Son, the Rev. C. Southey. Part I, 8vo. pp. 104 (Harper & Bros.).  
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